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GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S scheme for an Imperial Tobacco Monopoly has been subjected to criticism unexpectedly adverse by his own Economical Council. This singular institution is a little body which he summons to guide him beforehand in his financial measures. Its members are supposed to be experts well disposed towards the Government, who will be able to tell him what the average commercial world thinks of his plans. They have no legal powers and no legal existence, and the Imperial Parliament has twice refused to give that amount of countenance to the Council which is involved in voting the payment of its expenses. The jealousy which the Parliament has thus displayed is not unwarranted. A little Parliament outside the great Parliament decides what it is for the good of the country that the larger body should have submitted to its consideration; and the sensitiveness which Prince BISMARCK has shown to the adverse criticism of his nominees is a sufficient proof of the weight which he wishes to see given to their decisions. He is just as free as he ever was to submit his scheme to the Parliament, but its prospects of becoming law will be less than ever now that a majority of his experts has pronounced against it. The balance of commercial opinion being unfavourable, members may reasonably say that the majority of their constituents are probably opposed to the scheme, and that they must consult the wishes of their constituents in a matter which so nearly touches their pockets and their tastes. It is also evident that the Economical Council of Prince BISMARCK's invention is, as it has always been asserted it must be, something more than a collection of financial experts. It is a body to which are referred questions of finance; but in the finance of a nation matters of finance are inseparably connected with general politics. The objections to a Tobacco Monopoly are really not financial objections at all. Prince BISMARCK estimates that the monopoly will give to the Exchequer a profit of about eight millions sterling a year. From this will have to be deducted the interest on the sums paid to compensate the present manufacturers of tobacco; and, even if these sums largely exceed what Prince BISMARCK allows for them, the interest will probably not be more than one million. It is not quite clear whether from the profit as calculated by Prince BISMARCK is or is not to be deducted the sum now received in the shape of Customs duties on imported tobacco. What the Government used to get through these duties will still be added to the price of the article sold, and the consumers will pay these duties as much as they ever did. Before the Government reckons how much it will get by the monopoly, it obviously ought to deduct what it already gets from the duties. Even, however, if this deduction is made, there can be no doubt that the monopoly will bring in an increase of revenue. Ample experience shows that a Government gets more out of a tobacco monopoly than it gets in any other way from the consumers of tobacco. If financial experts are merely to answer the question whether a tobacco monopoly is a lucrative source of revenue, they may make their reply in five minutes. If they are asked whether it is expedient that Parliament should be invited to create this lucrative source of revenue, they must inquire whether the political advantages or disadvantages of creating it preponderate.

In the case of the Tobacco Monopoly, such an inquiry must be exceptionally serious and wide, and must carry

those making it into very high regions of State policy. Prince BISMARCK wants the money which the monopoly would bring him; but the monopoly is precious in his eyes, not so much because it would bring in money, as because it will carry him on to the accomplishment of a great political aim. It is intended to be a means of strengthening the Empire; and he recognizes that the Empire needs so much strengthening that he clings to the monopoly as an instrument of Imperial Government which he cannot bear to throw away in spite of frequent rebuffs. The Empire is now in part financially dependent on the contributions of the separate States, and if the Empire had more money, it could forego these contributions. The Empire would then seem to the States, not a needy institution which only lived by their help, but a flourishing institution which could live without their assistance. Independence of a pecuniary kind is thus the first advantage which the Empire would reap from the monopoly. But this is an advantage trifling in comparison with a second advantage which would attend the creation of the monopoly. Tobacco pervades Germany, and if a monopoly were instituted, the Empire would keep tobacco company and pervade Germany too. In every remote village the Empire would control the sale of what to Germany is one of the first necessities of life. Every time a German filled his pipe—and Germans fill their pipes often—a consciousness of the ubiquity of the Empire would come over him. It would be the Empire that he thanked if he found his tobacco good, and it would be the Empire against which he would grumble if he found his tobacco bad. Hitherto he has only known the officials of his own tiny State; then he would see everywhere a profuse sprinkling of the humble offices which would be tenanted by the authorized agents of the distant Sovereign of the Empire. Prince BISMARCK desires a Tobacco Monopoly for precisely the same reasons which make him desire that the railways should fall into the hands of the Imperial authorities. He wishes to environ the life of every German with a network of Imperial associations. Particularism—that is, the excessive attachment to separate States—is to be crushed out by having the Empire made daily and hourly present to the mind of every one who travels by a train or smokes a cigar; and there is no reason to doubt that Prince BISMARCK is right, and that nothing produces more powerful political effects on a nation than a silent universal change in its ordinary habits of thinking. Those who object to the Tobacco Monopoly object to it for reasons exactly the opposite of those which weigh with Prince BISMARCK. They may be slightly influenced by a fear that under a monopoly they would get worse tobacco; but the strength of their feelings or opinions lies in a different direction. They do not want increased Imperial interference; they do not wish that the Empire should grow greater and the States less; they cling to the habits and traditions of Particularism. They desire that the Empire should control foreign policy as much as possible, and domestic policy as little as possible. Prince BISMARCK is persuaded that, to control foreign policy, the Empire must also control domestic policy. The difference, therefore, between the supporters and the opponents of the monopoly is a vital one; and the financial experts who pronounce an opinion on the expediency of proposing the monopoly to Parliament are determining, so far as in them lies, a grave political issue.

The venerated EMPEROR has just celebrated his eighty-

fifth birthday, and all Germany, and especially Berlin, has soared into its usual raptures of honest loyalty. The EMPEROR is much loved and much honoured, and he deserves all the love and honour he wins. Perhaps he is loved and honoured for nothing more than because, although he has fought well in his day, he is known to be a man of peace, and is believed to be the best guarantee of peace that Germany has now got. No congratulations on his birthday, and no wishes for the prolongation of his life, were more hearty and affectionate than those sent him by the unhappy CZAR. But there is something ominous to Germany, if flattering to the EMPEROR, in the very pointed way in which the CZAR couples the duration of peace with the EMPEROR's life. The CZAR expresses himself like a man who thinks that something he dreads must come, but fondly hopes that he can keep it off for a stated time. He seems to be saying to his impetuous advisers that they may drive him to a war with Germany some day, but that they shall not drive him to it while the old man lives at Berlin. Too much reliance ought not to be placed either on the firmness or the family affection of the melancholy prisoner of Gatchina. As he is driven, so he must go. But, for the present, it is evident that he will not be immediately driven into war. There has been a change equally conspicuous and sudden in the tone of the Panslavic organs. They are as meek and mild as they were lately fiery and furious. They would not hurt so much as a German mouse, if they got a chance. General SKOBELEFF, if he was reprimanded at all by the CZAR, seems to have been reprimanded in a way that did not much hurt his feelings, and the popular opinion continues to be that the indiscreet words of the GENERAL were very true words, very judicious, and eminently Russian. The admirers of General SKOBELEFF have, however, come to the conclusion that they must now make it clear that Russia does not mean war. To idolize a warlike General is one thing, but to provoke a dangerous and probably disastrous contest is another thing. But such balls as the popular antagonism of Germany and Russia are not easily stopped when once set rolling. There is an alarming similarity between the present relations of Germany and Russia and the relations of France and Prussia before the war of 1870. For at least two years before the war broke out Frenchmen and Prussians habitually spoke as if there must be a war soon, and there was a war in a great measure because every one was convinced there must be one. Germans and Russians speak now as Frenchmen and Prussians spoke then. They look on war as a thing that must come, and are only uncertain when it will come. Prophecies of war, like prophecies of many other things, tend to fulfil themselves; and it is chiefly a benevolent optimism that enables us to hope that in this case the prophecy may remain unfulfilled.

THE DEBATE ON THE CLÔTURE.

THE speaking this week on the clôtüre has been unusually good. Much light has been thrown on what the rule establishing the clôtüre means in the eyes of its framers, how they mean to work it, and how it would probably work whatever may be their intentions. The speeches of Lord HARTINGTON and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had the merit of placing before the House, as distinctly as it could be placed, that the use of the clôtüre was to enable a Liberal Ministry to get through its business in the way it liked. The speeches of Sir RICHARD CROSS and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH were models of temperate language and sober well-reasoned thought. Mr. RAIKES and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE enlivened the debate with speeches which were amusing, but which were more than amusing, as they hit serious blots in the Ministerial proposal, and hit them in a telling way. Mr. WALTER and Mr. VIVIAN gave adequate expression to the views of unofficial Liberals who are completely beyond the reach of caucuses, and who diverge in opinion according as they think that the clôtüre will be used often and will do harm, or that it will be used seldom and may do a little good. The debate has further been profitable in showing that some very strong objections to the proposal need not be further discussed because they have been established beyond discussion. It is no use urging any further that the evils with which the House has had lately to contend are not of a kind which the clôtüre would have remedied, and are of a kind which the remaining rules

would amply meet. The leading Ministerial speakers do not seriously contest this. They avow the clôtüre to be an innovation, intended to secure new objects which the House has not hitherto sought to obtain. They have also abandoned the argument that the clôtüre is merely intended to produce the result which in old times was produced by an honourable understanding to lessen the burden of the two great parties. A clôtüre merely producing this result would in their eyes not be worth having. They look on the clôtüre, not as the expression of an agreement between leaders of parties, but as a piece of machinery which is to help one party in carrying on business in the way it thinks best. It has also become almost useless to discuss whether the credit of the Speaker for impartiality is not likely to be grievously impaired by the clôtüre; for Lord HARTINGTON sees the safeguard of the minority, not in the impartiality of the Speaker, but in the liberty which the minority would still retain of stamping the country and protesting against that exercise of the clôtüre under which they had suffered. Nor could any one trouble himself much more as to the meaning of that obscure phrase, "the evident sense of the House"; for it has now received an official interpretation, and is stated to mean the evident sense of a Liberal majority. We may also bid a sad farewell to all appeals to that spirit of fair play which is said to animate all assemblies of English gentlemen, and to have been instilled into them in their youth by football and cricket. The Liberal leaders, if they get the clôtüre, propose to play not so much fairly as quickly. Pace is to be the test of merit—what they have done in a Session, not how they have done it, is to be their title to fame and to the gratitude of their countrymen.

It is now evident that when Mr. GLADSTONE spoke he was still in the pre-scientific stage of clôtüre education. It is only a very short time since he wrote against any scheme of clôtüre as strongly and as sensibly as any one could write. He has become a convert, but he has not thoroughly grasped the doctrines of which he is now an adherent. He regretted that any of the rules should be made a party question; he had a full confidence in the impartiality of the Speaker; all that he hoped the clôtüre might do was to knock off perhaps nine days from the twenty-nine days of an Irish debate. This was only milk for babes, and it was reserved for Lord HARTINGTON to supply the strong meat. With Lord HARTINGTON the question of the clôtüre is altogether and necessarily a party question, for the use of the clôtüre is to do something for one party which the other party does not wish to have in its turn done for it. The impartiality of the Speaker is a topic of idle discussion, for the business of the Speaker will be to register the decrees of a Liberal majority. When the Conservatives are in a majority, the functions of the Speaker with regard to the clôtüre will be in abeyance; for, as it is assumed that the Conservatives never wish to do anything, therefore the occasion can never arise when they are not allowed to do something. The use of the clôtüre in Lord HARTINGTON's eyes is not to achieve such a trumpery purpose as that of converting a month's debate into a three weeks' debate. It is to be an engine always applicable and continually used for hurrying on all kinds of business. With the clôtüre Lord HARTINGTON even undertook to put down bores, and he forgot his usual courtesy in pointing out the individual bores whom the House, as he thought, would most like to see suppressed. No one is to bore the House, no one is to detain it. On every subject that amount of discussion is to be allowed which the Liberal leaders think consistent with the general progress of their business. As much discussion on important topics is to be conceded as will satisfy the public that the amount conceded is a decent one. The Liberal leaders are to fix the limit of debate day after day, with the one limitation that the editors of provincial newspapers shall not think that the limit has been fixed in an arbitrary and tyrannical way. To the clôtüre in these its new clothes there are numberless objections of a national kind, such as that it would alter the whole character of the House, and alter it for the worse; that it would encourage faction; and that it would give increasing power to faction outside Parliament. But there are objections to it almost as strong from a purely Liberal point of view. The most serious objection of this kind is that the clôtüre could not work as it is intended to work

It would surely stir up from its origin a party spirit which it could not quell. To make the *clôture* triumph would become the object of one party, and to defeat the *clôture* would be the object of the other. In such a contest, those who seriously, persistently, and with an honest persuasion that they were doing right, set themselves to defeat the *clôture* could not fail to win. The only object of the *clôture* is to save time, and the time that could be legitimately spent in driving the Ministry to apply the *clôture* would greatly exceed the time which the *clôture* is supposed to save. And if the *clôture* were always being used, the position of the minority would become very unpleasant. The provincial editors would begin to howl and the autumn gatherings of provincial electors would be singularly lively. The Conservatives are bound to oppose Lord HARTINGTON's kind of *clôture* as much as they can; but as merely a piece of party advantage, there is nothing probably that would suit them better than that the Ministry should get the *clôture* and use it as Lord HARTINGTON proposes.

When a division is taken, it will be taken on an amendment which, as it is now shaped, declares that any sanction of a *clôture* by a majority will not be accepted by the House. As it stands, the amendment deprecates the decision of a majority whether large or small. It is opposed equally to the views of those who are content with a majority of one and to the views of those who cling to the notion that the evident sense of the House can only be declared by the votes of the bulk of the House. This was not the intention of the framer of the amendment. The decision by a majority which he opposed was the decision by a bare majority; but official propriety or prudery whispered to him that there was something unparliamentary, or even indecent, in the use of such a word as "bare," and so he modestly left the objectionable word out, and declared himself opposed to any decision by any majority. The Ministry, therefore, declare, and declare with technical correctness, that the issue before the House is whether the *clôture* voted by a majority is to be accepted. On this issue they will stand or fall; but only on this issue. They will reserve to themselves the power of accepting modifications in the rule as to the kind of majority required, if only the House will accept the *clôture*, leaving the requisite majority undetermined. The delicate scruples of Mr. MARRIOTT and his advisers have thus been a godsend to the Ministry, for it has managed in this way to get Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's amendment objecting to the *clôture* altogether put first instead of last. But, at the same time, it is obvious that the Ministry, although it may not stand or fall by subsequent modifications of the rule, cannot at once accept any serious alteration of the majority required and yet retain Lord HARTINGTON's kind of *clôture*. If the *clôture* is to be merely one means by which the Ministry of the day discharges its proper functions, it must use its majority in this way as it uses it in every other way. Lord HARTINGTON for once entered into a curious metaphysical inquiry as to the right of members to speak. He held that no member had any right to speak. The time of the House belongs to the House itself, and not to its members, and the time which any member occupies in speaking is a time of which the House kindly makes a present to the speaker. How much time it should give him, and whether it should give him any time at all, are questions to be determined by the general consideration of what is properly the chief aim of the House in distributing its time. This chief aim is the despatch of business proposed by the Ministry and favoured by the majority. This theory, although founded on assumptions which are open to attack in all directions, is, it must be owned, logically consistent in itself, and leads inevitably to Lord HARTINGTON's conclusion that the same majority which controls the end proposed should also control the means of attaining it. When once the *clôture* is looked on as a mere piece of party machinery, to stop the majority, large or small, from using its machinery is to take the edge off the tool which the majority is using. To require a two-thirds majority might be a very good thing; but it would only be a good thing because it took the edge off the tool which Lord HARTINGTON has been manufacturing. The Government may succeed in the impending division, and then discuss modifications of the rule; but, if it once gives up the sanction of the *clôture* by a bare majority, it will, at the same time, give up the *clôture* itself as Lord HARTINGTON presents it.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S ANNUITY.

THERE are very good reasons for the feeling of uneasiness which respectable Radicals very often show when debates on the endowment of the Royal Family recur. That, the matter having been wisely or unwisely left to the discretion of Parliament, severe economists and doctrinaire Republicans have a right if they choose to protest against these grants in a decent and moderate fashion, no one will deny. Some surprise may be felt at their choosing to put themselves into such a position, but that is their own affair. These persons, however, are rarely left alone in their conscientious, though doubtless very painful, discharge of what they conceive to be their duty. Of late years, especially, there have been pretty certain to be some members of Parliament who are rejoiced at the opportunity of insulting those who are not in a position to resent the insult, and of indulging in that peculiar luxury of indecency which, to judge from the eagerness with which they indulge in it, must be a very great luxury indeed. The exhibition of Thursday night displayed this latter contingent of the protesters who hold that the nation, having got the *quo*, shall not pay the *quid* in an unusually vivid and pleasing light. The arguments (for in their way they were arguments) of Mr. LABOUCHÈRE and Mr. BROADHURST were as weak as usual; but they were at any rate urged in a becoming fashion. It would, indeed, be more satisfactory to find a man of intelligence and probity like Mr. BROADHURST doing his best to clear his constituents' minds of the cant which, by his own account, occupies them, instead of showing that he shares their ideas. Mr. LABOUCHÈRE has less excuse in trumping up the practically absurd notion of the workman's bed being torn from under him and sold to pay Queen's Taxes for Prince LEOPOLD's income. As a matter of fact, there are now practically no "Queen's Taxes," except Income-tax and Inhabited House Duty; and the exemptions in both these cases make it pretty certain that no working-man who cannot very well afford it pays one penny towards them. If one of the Republican workman's glasses of beer is embittered by the thought that a fraction of the duty on it might be proved to find its way to the Duke of ALBANY, it may be suggested that an effective, dignified, and not very painful means of avoiding this would be to cut that particular glass off. That Mr. LABOUCHÈRE's history was all wrong it was hardly necessary for Mr. GLADSTONE to show. The comparison, in particular, between the Civil List of GEORGE III. and the Civil List of the QUEEN is absolutely misleading.

Mr. HEALY and Mr. STOREY, however, not Mr. LABOUCHÈRE or Mr. BROADHURST, were really the instructive speakers of the evening on this question. The graceful courtesy of the one and the stern logic of the other relieved and supplemented each other in a singularly happy manner. When Mr. HEALY says that he is "opposed to these people having anything," it is not to be supposed that he wishes to Boycott the Royal Family to the extent of starvation. In the same way, when Mr. HEALY said that "he did not know what a prince was like, for he had never seen one," the remark must be taken as chiefly rhetorical, because princes frequently honour with their presence (or, as Mr. HEALY would probably put it, have the honour of attending) that House of which the member for Wexford is so bright an ornament. The main thought in Mr. HEALY's mind (and it must be admitted to be a very natural one) apparently was that, if Prince LEOPOLD required twenty-five thousand a year to keep up his dignity, of what much larger sum was not the dignity of Mr. HEALY worthy? There is an ingenuousness about this argument which is much more agreeable than Mr. LABOUCHÈRE's erroneous history and his apocryphal pictures of the distraught workman's bed, and much more effective than Mr. BROADHURST's arithmetical exertions in calculating the PRINCE's weekly income. But, if Mr. HEALY was more piquant than Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, Mr. STOREY was much more piquant than Mr. HEALY. Mr. STOREY specially objects to "keeping persons in a state of titled idleness." "Oh, Englishmen, how hard I work to enable you to call me a titled idler!" would not be an unjust exclamation in the mouth of a Royal Prince after a few months of stone-laying, speechifying, and bridge-opening in snowstorms. Then Mr. STOREY laid down a principle. This principle was that no public money ought to be expended except in return for public services. There are many people who would be only too

glad to apply this great principle to private matters and to the discharge of their own obligations. Next he drew elaborate parallels between the Duke of ALBANY and a pauper, and eloquently appealed to the House not to allow a promising young man to be demoralized. After confidentially informing his hearers that large numbers of them, together with their relatives, were pensioners on the public bounty, Mr. STOREY diverged to Gold Stick. By the abolition of the "flunkies of Royalty" the money might be found; so that Mr. STOREY's desire to prevent Prince LEOPOLD's demoralization seems to be inferior to his desire to mulct Gold Stick. The annuity would enable the whole population of Sunderland to be educated gratuitously; which, it is to be supposed, would not demoralize them. So ended a speech admirably characteristic of the opposition to these grants, and only not remarkable as the extreme of bad taste because it was still more remarkable as the extreme of folly.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, it must be admitted, was fully entitled to his gibe about the members of the Government who have, on former occasions, distinguished themselves by voting or speaking against these grants; and the exhortation which accompanied this gibe was certainly not out of place. Sir CHARLES DILKE may be courteously supposed to have had urgent business out of the House immediately after question-time; but it is difficult to conceive why a member of the Cabinet should have walked out when the division was called—a remarkable proceeding, which some thirty private Liberal members are said to have imitated. As there could be no conceivable reason why any man who really thought the grant objectionable should not vote against it, it can only be supposed that these manly men were in its favour, but doubted the effect of their names in the division list on their lords and masters of the hundreds. Very little, indeed, need be said as to the merits of the question. All fair-minded men of all parties, whatever their views of the general arrangement, acknowledge the force, during present circumstances, of that honourable understanding on which Mr. GLADSTONE rightly dwelt. But it is perhaps a pity that no one should on last Thursday night have pointed out once more, in opposition to Mr. LABOUCHERE, that the honourable understanding is very far from a profitable one to the Crown. Supposing all branches of the hereditary revenue except Crown lands to be allotted to various purposes of civil government, those lands, with the Duchies, if they were managed as private owners manage their properties, would produce a revenue far greater than the total amount of Crown allowances at present. Without entering into the historically celebrated proposition as to the cost of shutting up Hyde Park, it is notorious that there are Crown estates which, not being specially precious "open spaces," would, by almost any private owner, long ago have been cut up into building sites, and would be bringing in enormous sums. When the natural increment of Crown property, and even its ordinarily profitable management, is thus and in many other ways interfered with for the pleasure and advantage of the public, the provision of means to meet necessary expenditure becomes something more even than an honourable understanding. As to the question of the savings of Royalty, which is always brought in on these occasions, it is equally impertinent and foolish. In the first place, as Mr. GLADSTONE stated pretty positively, the actual, and indeed the possible, amount of any such savings is beyond doubt enormously exaggerated. In the second, the question is one with which the public has nothing to do, because of the understanding before mentioned, and of the minute apportionment of the moneys actually paid. GEORGE III., with his lump million unappropriated in any manner, though, no doubt, charged with certain claims from which the present Civil List is free, might have been expected to save. But the very essence of the financial system of "ear-marking" grants is that each goes for its own purpose, and, provided it is not exceeded, there is no more question about it. But there is something more than all this. The dubious wisdom of putting a premium on extravagance, the questionable policy of saying to Sovereigns "Spend away as fast as ever you like, but take good care that you do not save," might, it would seem, have occurred to the far-ranging mind of Mr. STOREY. But, indeed, serious argument is rather thrown away on persons like the member for Sunderland.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE French Senate has been busy during the last fortnight in applying the principle of compulsion to elementary education. As might have been expected, the measure is a far more complete and logical affair than the Acts of Parliament by which the same end has been effected in this country. The religious difficulty is got over by making the education given exclusively secular. The difficulty about fees is got over by making the communal schools entirely free. In future, every French parent, without exception, will be obliged to send his child to the communal school, unless he prefers to send him to a private school or to have him taught at home. In the latter case, the sufficiency of the education which the child receives must be established to the satisfaction of examiners appointed by the state. The working of a measure of this kind can be but dimly inferred from its provisions. Everything will depend upon the temper in which these provisions are applied. In theory, the only objection to the Bill is that it subordinates convenience to consistency. In order to ensure a complete separation between the school and the Church, which may possibly protect liberty of conscience in one case out of ten thousand, it prevents a very large number of children from receiving religious instruction in the way which suits their parents best. This fault is so natural, however, to French legislation that it would be hardly worth while to call attention to it supposing that it stood alone. If the parents and the clergy wish the children to be brought up Roman Catholics, it is their business to devise some means by which this can be done. The State is only bound not to throw any obstacles in the way. It seems very probable, however, that the intervention of the State will not be at all of that neutral character which M. FERRY describes. It is suspicious, to say the least, that the *République Française* should say of the Bill that it will inflict a greater blow on the Catholic Church in France than would be inflicted by the abolition of the Concordat. To turn the priest out of the school will be a greater triumph than to close the church doors in his face. This is probably a very correct way of describing the change which the Bill will work, but it is not very consistent with the neutrality which the MINISTER of EDUCATION professed so abundantly. If the *République Française* merely looked forward to a state of things in which secular instruction should be given to all children by the schoolmaster, and religious instruction should be given to children whose parents desire it by the curé, it would hardly describe with such complacency the damage which the Church will sustain in consequence. Indeed, it admits that it bases its hopes upon the sentiments of the teachers by whom the secular instruction is given. For years past these teachers have been more or less in subjection to the curé, and now that they are at last emancipated they may be trusted to pay off their old scores with interest.

This anticipation is remarkably likely to be fulfilled. French Freethinkers are seldom troubled by any inconvenient notions of fair play or toleration, and they are not likely to regard themselves as in any way bound by M. FERRY's pledges. Indeed, if M. FERRY's intentions in this matter went a good deal further than they probably do, it is not easy to see how he could give effect to them. A teacher may take every opportunity of sneering at religion in the course of giving secular instruction; but unless the children complain of him to their parents, and the parents complain of him to the Government, the Minister of Education will have no opportunity of interfering. Occasionally, perhaps, some influential neighbour may take the case up and obtain a formal investigation into the facts. But the sympathies of the officials will be enlisted on the side of the teacher, and it will not be easy to establish the truth of the charges to the satisfaction of an Inspector anxious to see them proved false. It must not be forgotten in estimating the working of a measure like this in France that the nation is not divided, as the English nation for the most part is, into people who care about religion, and people who are indifferent to it. French irreligion is aggressive in the highest degree. Its preachers are not mere sceptics, they are ardent missionaries. Under any circumstances it is probable that this type of opinion would be strongly represented among the teachers in elementary schools, and the likelihood of this is immensely increased when the bodies who have the appointment of these teachers are themselves aggressive Freethinkers. The condition of many of the communal schools in France is very much what the condition of a

Board school in Northampton would be if the School Board were composed of Mr. BRADLAUGH's more ardent supporters, and Mr. MUNDELLA had declined to give any assurance that Mr. BRADLAUGH's own writings should be excluded from the school. The sting of the new law lies in the fact that until now a parent who does not confide his children to a school of this character has been able to keep them at home. In future he will only be able to do this if he can either teach them himself or provide some one else to teach them. If he is not instructed enough to do the former, nor rich enough to do the latter, to school they must go. The parent may, it is true, send them to a private school instead of to the communal school. But then he must first find his private school, and there are, it is said, some 28,000 communes in France in which there is no school except the communal school. It may be said that the Church will come forward to supply this want. But all organized bodies must work, if they are to work quickly, in a way to which they are accustomed, and the way in which the Roman Church is accustomed to work where education is concerned is one which is no longer possible in France. The dispersion of the religious Orders has deprived the Church of her chief educational instrument; and though in course of time she may, and probably will, devise a new one, she is not provided with one at this moment. The calculation of the anti-Catholic party is that before the Church can do anything to regain her hold upon elementary education, a new generation will have grown up which will be entirely emancipated from religious traditions, and may consequently be trusted to send its children to the communal schools no matter what alternative opportunities the Church may by that time be able to offer. For some time to come, at all events, the French peasant who is too poor to have his child taught at home, or is not disposed to spend the money even if he has it, will in the great majority of cases be obliged to send his children to schools in which atheism, if not openly taught, will be openly professed by the teacher and by many of the scholars. In England a law of this kind would bring the Government which had passed it to a very speedy end. In France the utmost that can be looked for is that those who resent its operation will more and more absent themselves from the poll, and learn to look for relief not to the improvement of the existing order of things but to its overthrow.

The debates in the Senate have had the result of bringing the MINISTER of EDUCATION very much to the front. M. GAMBETTA's organ, which does not profess any great affection for the Ministry as a whole, is careful to single out M. FERRY for especial praise. He knows, it remarks, what he wants to do, and thereby gains a decided elevation over the heads of his colleagues. It is not unnatural that this commendation should have given rise to a rumour that M. GAMBETTA is plotting the overthrow of M. DE FREYCINET and his replacement by M. FERRY. With the existing Chamber it is useless for M. GAMBETTA to dream of office. The Deputies are not less Radical than he is, but they have different views as to the objects to which their Radical zeal should be applied. The only way, therefore, in which M. GAMBETTA can hope to exert substantial power is by returning to the system of puppets which prevailed before the last election. If he cannot be Minister himself, he may at least choose the Minister behind whom it pleases him to stand. M. DE FREYCINET does not like to be thus sandwiched between M. GAMBETTA and the Chamber; M. FERRY has shown by his former endurance of the ordeal that it has no prohibitory terrors for him. The chances are, therefore, that whenever M. DE FREYCINET does something of which M. GAMBETTA disapproves, dislikes, or leaves undone something of which M. GAMBETTA approves, he will have once more to retire from office. M. FERRY will then step into the breach, and go on governing until such time as M. GAMBETTA sees another opportunity for taking the reins himself. Of course M. DE FREYCINET may display in his second Administration a pliability to which in his first Administration he was a stranger. His speech on the Bill to abolish the Concordat will furnish some evidence on this point. He can hardly fail to make the proposal the text for a definition of the temper in which he proposes to administer ecclesiastical affairs, and, according as that spirit is impartial or hostile, will be the degree of acceptance which his policy will meet with from M. GAMBETTA.

THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

IF the debate on Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD's motion on Tuesday turned out to be somewhat more interesting than might have been expected, it certainly was not that Mr. ARNOLD or any one who followed him had anything new to say upon the question. Such interest as the debate had was derived partly from the singularity of its circumstances and partly from the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE, which had in reality not much more to do with the matter than if the Resolution had been one affecting Cyprus or Fiji. The circumstances were indeed peculiar. It is said with much confidence by some partisans of the Government that the country at the general election thought fit to change its governors because of its extreme desire for an extension of the franchise and a redistribution of seats. It is true that this statement is a little difficult to reconcile with the statement of the very same persons not so long ago, that the action of the country in 1880 meant nothing so much as a desire to get rid of Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works. This, however, is a trifle. Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works were got rid of, and it suits those who then said that this was the object to discover that it was not the object, but something else quite different from it. They are so certain of their changed opinion that they tell us that if Mr. GLADSTONE were defeated on the clôtüre, it would be his business to use his majority all the same in forcing extension of the franchise and redistribution of seats on the House of Lords so as to fulfil what is called his "mandate," or so as to bring the question of clôtüre before a new electorate. But the Government itself does not seem to have taken any such view of its duties in reference to Parliamentary reform. As such reform, whether the main plank or not, was certainly a plank of its platform, it might have been supposed that from the date of its accession to office abstract Resolutions on the subject, moved by private members, were entirely out of place. The matter lay with Ministers, and with Ministers it might be supposed to remain. Yet on this occasion a private member of no mark in the House was encouraged by a Ministerial whip in his favour to bring in the said abstract Resolutions. The Government apparently wanted to be confirmed in their views about a matter which, if their devoted supporters may be believed, is the one end and object of their existence, and on which before entering office they confessedly expressed themselves with voices the very reverse of uncertain.

An explanation of this apparent anomaly may perhaps be found in the PRIME MINISTER's speech. It has been sufficiently evident for some time that Mr. GLADSTONE sees all things in clôtüre. A vote of censure on the House of Lords for exercising foolishly or wisely its constitutional rights; the dragging in of the SOVEREIGN's name into a question of Ministerial adroitness or maladroitness in managing public business; anything and everything is made subservient to Mr. GLADSTONE's *ast ego censeo delendam esse Carthaginem*—that is to say, his solemn indication of the absolute necessity of his being furnished with the power of silencing his opponents. A master who found the necessary opportunity in such apparently unpromising circumstances as those just mentioned could not have much difficulty in finding it in Mr. ARNOLD's Resolution. No one, said Mr. GLADSTONE, had so often opposed (he might have added, and proposed) abstract Resolutions as himself. In ordinary circumstances he would have opposed Mr. ARNOLD's, and would have suggested that Parliament should at once set itself to the important task proposed. But the present circumstances were not ordinary; in those circumstances Government could not tell when they should have time for extending the franchise, still less when they should have time for redistributing seats. Therefore, "retarded and impeded by force of circumstances" as the Government were, it would be a consolation—faint, but better than nothing—to pass Mr. ARNOLD's Resolutions. The inference was ingenious, almost pathetic. "If you will not give me the clôtüre I am powerless, retarded and impeded" as I am by circumstances." The spectacle of a Prime Minister renouncing the dearest conviction of his life—that of the impolicy of abstract Resolutions—because of his sense of the impossibility of getting anything but an abstract Resolution in his retarded and impeded condition ought to have melted the heart of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, nay of Mr. MARIOTT himself. But this was not the only insinuation

which Mr. GLADSTONE availed himself of the opportunity to make. Not only was the present Parliament retarded and impeded, but it was quite possible that it might come to a premature termination. This renewed crack of the whip cracked so lately by Lord HARTINGTON was perhaps a little incongruous, in strict literary and oratorical effect, with the more pathetic appeal just sketched; but of practical effect it may not have been destitute.

In this, and in this only, lays such special and novel interest as the debate presented. As far as the speakers busied themselves with the question nominally at issue, the most careful study of their words fails to extract any new argument on a subject where new argument is simply impossible. From Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD no one would expect such novelty, nor will they find it. The only noteworthy thing, perhaps, in the speech was the curious blunder of reminding Parliament that Mr. GOSCHEN had been driven to seek refuge in the small borough of Ripon, and that two other small boroughs, Liskeard and Calne, return in Mr. COURTNEY and Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE certainly not the least able of the younger members of the Liberal party. But this blunder, bad enough in itself, was made worse by Mr. ARNOLD's endeavouring to cap it with a jocular recovery. "If the House had ever perceived any fault in those gentlemen, it was traceable to the malefic influence of a narrow constituency." Every one knows what the "faults" are—they are the exercise of private judgment adverse on some points to the prescribed creed of the Radical party. Certainly those faults are in some degree traceable to the influence of small constituencies, and it is exactly because of that influence that small constituencies are worth keeping. That they are worth keeping for party purposes no one who has taken the trouble to look into the matter will for a moment contend. At the present time, as Mr. SCHREIBER very pertinently pointed out, the representation of boroughs with less than twenty thousand inhabitants shows Liberals to Conservatives in the proportion of about three to two, while in the smallest class of all, those under ten thousand, the division is almost exactly equal, being 27 to 23. The mere party man has accordingly a very small interest in the question of redistribution; and it is sufficiently notorious that many extreme Conservatives believe that an extension of the county franchise would render a triumph for their party even greater than that of 1874 probable, if not certain. On the other side Mr. BURT, whose knowledge is undoubted, and whose trustworthiness has never been impugned, declares that in the great mining class political opinions are "pretty equally divided." If, therefore, any one looks at the question of reform as Lord HARTINGTON looks at the question of Parliamentary procedure—as a thing to be decided merely in the interest of his own party—there would be as little reason for a Tory to oppose as for a Liberal to support the proposal. But there are some people at least who have not succeeded in regarding all political questions in this sublimely simple manner. The problem with such persons is, as Mr. STANHOPE put it, whether the proposed extension will make the House of Commons a better machine for doing the public business. The pathetic spectacle of two next-door neighbours of the same class, one of whom has a vote while the other has not, does not affect these persons in the least. They see no more reason why everybody should be a voter than why everybody should be a policeman. If there are not policemen enough for the public safety, let there be more; if there are not voters enough for the public interest, let there be more. It is not proved that there are not voters enough; some people may possibly think it proved that there are a great deal too many. There is not the least reason for believing that the material interests of the class proposed to be enfranchised require that enfranchisement. It is certain that, despite the attempts at agitation, the majority of them are quite apathetic as to the matter. That former extensions of the franchise have improved the character of the House, either as a deliberative or as a legislative Assembly, is a proposition (as a member suggested on Tuesday) singularly at variance with the gloomy pictures of the present state of Parliament which the PRIME MINISTER and his partisans are never tired of drawing. Finally, that the vast majority of the candidates for the franchise are, to say the least, unlikely to exercise it wisely, is a conclusion which arises in some minds as naturally from that comparison of the two neighbours as the sense of anomaly and inequality arises in Mr. TREVELYAN'S. In short, be-

fore an extension of the franchise is made, four things, at least, ought to be shown—namely, that the Legislature is at present defective as a representative body, that the defect would be cured by the proposed extension, that the new voters are anxious to vote, and that they are fit to vote. In the present case all four are not proven. As for redistribution, even Mr. GLADSTONE seems to think that that question "wants actuality." In fact, like every Reform Bill except the first, the proposal is a wholly artificial one, founded on the rightly or wrongly conceived exigencies and convenience of party, not in the least on the requirements of government or the genuine demands of the people.

SOUTHERN SLAVS.

THE innermost views and aspirations of the Southern Slavs have been revealed by a Correspondent of the *Times*, who received them at first hand from the lips of a person whom he describes as of formidable appearance, of an enlightened intellect, and of general qualities high enough to entitle him to rank as one of the foremost chiefs of the Herzegovinian insurrection. There is at least thus much to attract attention to the remarks of this leader, that he seems to have really tried to think out what he was talking about, and that he was risking his life in the endeavour to bring about what he wished. His general aim for himself and his brethren may be described as that of making the Southern Slav independent at once of Austria and of Russia. His feelings against Austria had been embittered by acts of atrocity of which he alleged Austrian soldiers had recently been guilty; but these acts of atrocity, even if they ever took place, evidently gave nothing more than an additional stimulus to feelings long and deeply cherished. He seems to have been absorbed in the persuasion that his countrymen ought to be left absolutely to themselves, and that they would be so left if Europe knew how anxiously they desired to escape from the exclusive control of any Great Power. Of all things that the Southern Slavs dread, absorption in Russia is to them the most terrible. They have, as this insurgent said, everything to lose and nothing to gain by coming under the rule of the Czar. They possess a civilization which, at least in their eyes, is very greatly superior to the civilization of Russia, and they do not wish to be dragged down to the humble level of their dangerous friends. They are quite willing to incur the slight and evanescent debt of gratitude which would be created if they owed their deliverance to a Russian army. But while they are prepared to be grateful, they are by no means prepared to be obedient. They would give Russia nothing in return for the benefits conferred on them, and, if this insurgent was really representing them, would infinitely prefer Austrian to Russian control. A Herzegovinian who was liable to be shot any day while in arms against Austria had the wisdom to see and the candour to own that under Austrian institutions an advance in material prosperity and political liberty was always possible for the Southern Slavs, while it was impossible under Russian institutions. But to be under Austria was only better than to be under Russia. It was not good in itself. What the fierce-looking philosopher dreamt of as his ideal was the independence of the Southern Slavs under the protectorate of England and France. He was full of the reciprocal benefits which this protectorate would bring with it to the protectors and the protected. The benefits to the protected are not difficult to imagine. Gallant and strong as the Southern Slavs know themselves to be, they yet recognize that their gallantry would be more effectual, and their strength more indisputable, if they had always an English fleet and a French army to back them. It required a higher flight of fancy to discover the benefits which were to reward the sacrifices of the protectors. To France this visionary could offer little more than a vague extension of French influence. But to England he offered something much more alluring. If only an English fleet was permanently stationed in the Egean, he boldly undertook that the Southern Slavs would keep open England's road to India. There is nothing like being magnificent in the promises of an imaginary future, and it must be owned that a poor lone insurgent on the trackless mountains of Herzegovina could hardly have thought of anything more magnificent and bold than an offer to guard the communications between the European and Asiatic dominions of the Queen of England.

Such, however, was the magic of his enthusiasm that he instantly converted his auditor, who thought him no less than an inspired being, who was struck dumb with awe and admiration, and who was instantly convinced that the true solution of the great Eastern question had been suddenly revealed to the world. Calmer critics at a distance can only think of what the man was, how he came to be what he was, and what was the value of his far-reaching schemes. He was an insurgent, and was ready to die for the cause he had taken up. This is something, but it is not much. Englishmen are too ready to go about the world delighting in all insurrections, falling in love with all insurgents, and admiring all who are not afraid to die, provided only that the insurrection cannot hurt England and that the bold insurgents do not tread on English toes. This partly proceeds from the national passion for liberty, partly from the recollection that some insurrections have been justifiable, but still more from a vague notion that insurrection is a grand thing in itself, and that people who are willing to die for a cause are made heroes by the mere fact of their courage. It is highly desirable for the proper influence of England in the world that Englishmen should rid themselves of this delusion. Insurrection is not to be admired, but condemned, unless the insurgents have a good cause and have a reasonable prospect of success. Nor is there anything in the least heroic in a man being willing to die in a bad cause. He is only committing an exceptionally pernicious act of suicide. GUYEAU, the Nihilist assassins of the CZAR, the wretches who shot at the Emperor of GERMANY, were all willing to die if necessary for causes that were not only bad but criminal, or from the base and selfish love of notoriety. The burden of proof that he is doing right lies on a Herzegovinian who stalks along the side of mountains trying to shoot honest Austrian soldiers, and willing to be shot by them if they get the better of him. It would be a sufficient justification if he could complain of great oppression and tyranny on the part of Austria, and if he had a fair reason for thinking that the rising in which he took part would in the end do more good than harm. There may even be cases of oppression so intolerable that insurrection is to be defended even though it is a mere ineffectual protest against oppression. But there is not the smallest reason why any Herzegovinian should pretend to think the Government of Austria oppressive and tyrannical. Even the inspired brigand did not accuse Austria of governing badly. He thought that after the insurrection had begun Austrian soldiers had done deeds which ought to be avenged; but he did not accuse Austria of doing anything wrong before the insurrection broke out, and he owned that, if he and his fellows sheltered themselves in the bosom of Austria, they might have a reasonable share of freedom and happiness. It is indeed alleged that the Austrians have been pedantic, harsh, and stiff in applying their rules of practice to the administration of the occupied provinces. It is easy to say this, and very difficult to prove or disprove it. It is a very onerous task to occupy mountainous countries inhabited by disaffected persons and by persons who have been disaffected from their cradles, whatever might be the Government nominally set over them. How far it is possible or impossible, safe or unsafe, to pet and humour such persons in order that an open insurrection may be avoided, is a matter which only those who have an intimate knowledge of all the circumstances of the particular case can affect to decide. But at any rate the insurgents themselves do not justify their insurrection by any grievance of the sort. They do not say that the Austrians are pedantic; but they say that the Austrians are meddling with the affairs of the Southern Slavs, and that the Southern Slavs are determined to make them discontinue their interference.

The insurgent leader had got beyond the vague love of insurrection for insurrection's sake, or for an indistinctly conceived national cause. He had tried to think out for himself what his cause really was, what was the future for Southern Slavs that he desired, and what probability there was that this future might be realized. It was because he had got thus far that his views possess sufficient interest to merit attention. He was probably right when he said that the Southern Slavs view with horror the prospect of being attached indissolubly to Russia; and that he was right is probable, because General SKOBELIEFF lately said exactly the same thing. He recog-

nized that the Southern Slavs did not wish to be Russianized, but he thought that, if properly impelled, they might be got to fight against Austria. His heart leapt forth towards the Southern Slavs because they might help him to crush the foreigner—that is, the German. It is some little light in the darkness of Eastern Europe to understand that in the great Pan-Slavonic movement the Southern Slavs hope to use Russia for their ends, and Russia hopes to use the Southern Slavs for her ends. It is a further light to understand that the Pan-Slavists in Russia hate Austria merely because she is alien and German, and that the Pan-Slavists out of Russia do not hate Austria at all, but mildly object to her because she tries to govern a portion of them. The insurgent leader had made a further advance in speculation when he perceived that, whether the Southern Slavs go in for insurrection or war, they are sure to be crushed by one or both of the contending Empires of Russia and Austria, unless some very powerful protectors could be found to save them. It was when he got to this point that he lost the touch of earth and began to float in the air. He called the spirits of England and France from the deep, and, having an unpleasant consciousness that they might not heed his beckoning, he tried to satisfy himself with childish reasons showing why they must come if they would but listen to him. Unluckily, he had stumbled on an Englishman who had not a word of sense to give him back in reply. His auditor accepted with implicit belief the puerile imaginations that, if Austria absorbed the Southern Slavs, she would increase her army by half a million of men, and ride roughshod over Europe; and that the Southern Slavs, of all people in the world, would keep open the road of England to India. This honest and inspired person deserved a better fate. A word in season might have suggested to him that his cause, as he had taught himself to conceive it, was hopeless; that his insurrection was not justified by its ultimate aim; that England and France neither can nor will protect the Southern Slavs, if those Slavs cannot protect themselves; and that England is quite aware that, unless she herself keeps open her road to India, no one else can keep it open for her.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

THE Irish debate on Wednesday was in one sense a pleasing change from many similar discussions which have lately taken place. It is something to meet with an Irish grievance of which the beginning and the end does not lie in the brutal fact that somebody is expected to pay rent for the use of somebody else's land. Otherwise, the debate was sufficiently unsatisfactory. It touched upon a perfectly genuine grievance, but it touched upon it in a singularly impracticable way. It gave the CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND an opportunity of making a courageous announcement; but it did not draw from him any intimation that his sorrow for the past will lead to amendment in the future. Perhaps the most encouraging feature in the debate was the speech of Mr. BRYCE. Mr. BRYCE belongs to a section of English opinion which has had a larger share, perhaps, than any other in preventing a reasonable settlement of the Irish University question. If the Radicals had not made common cause with the Dissenters, it is probable that Irish parents would long since have been able to give their sons the particular kind of education they prefer. The Irish Conservatives would, no doubt, have offered a stout resistance to any such scheme, but it may be questioned whether they would long have been reinforced by any considerable contingent from the English Conservatives. After all, there is a lingering charm about consistency, and the party which had so stoutly defended denominational education in England could not for ever have resisted the inference that what is a matter of religious principle in one of the three kingdoms can hardly be anything else in another. The Dissenters were in no such difficulty. They disliked religious endowments everywhere, and there was, consequently, no inconsistency in their disliking religious endowments in Ireland. The Radicals could for a time plead a similar excuse, but they have of late estopped themselves from doing so except in defiance of all political logic. They have committed themselves over and over again to the doctrine that Ireland should be governed in accordance with Irish ideas; and there is great reason to believe that, if this principle were strictly carried out, one of the first Irish ideas that would

claim recognition would be the idea of endowing a Roman Catholic University, or at least Roman Catholic Colleges in the new Royal University. Inasmuch, however, as logic does not count for much in politics, it was uncertain how far the Radicals would apply to Irish University education the theory which they preached with so much unction in connexion with Irish land. In this respect Mr. BRYCE's speech is a good omen. Without professing to have changed his own opinion, he promised that, if some adequate plan of dealing with the Irish University grievance were brought forward, he and many other members who agree with him would forego their own special view on the subject, if by so doing they could give satisfaction to the Irish people.

A declaration of this kind would have come with very good grace from Mr. FORSTER. He said frankly enough that in 1879 it would have been better to have boldly endowed a Roman Catholic College than to adopt the clumsy method of granting mere prizes for examination. It would have been more to the purpose if, instead of lamenting the shortcomings of a former Government, he had addressed himself to the shortcomings of his own. It pleased Mr. FORSTER to speak as though the scheme adopted in 1879 was in some way inconsistent with the endowment of a Roman Catholic College. He pleaded that the Royal University was now at work, that influential Roman Catholics were doing the best they could to get it into operation, and that it was not fair to ask Parliament to reopen the question until they found out how far the Royal University answered its purpose. There is nothing, however, in the idea of an endowed Roman Catholic College which is in any way inconsistent with the scheme of the Royal University. It would be much nearer the truth to say that endowed Roman Catholic Colleges are almost necessary to the full development of that scheme. As things stand now, there is a University endowed with scholarships and fellowships which are open to all its students. So far, therefore, Roman Catholics and Protestants stand on a precisely equal footing. But in order to win scholarships and fellowships there must be teaching provided for the candidates, and here the Protestant students have very much the advantage of the Roman Catholic. They can go to the Queen's Colleges, which are now Colleges within the Royal University, and there they will find all the teaching they are in need of. The Roman Catholic student has no such opportunities provided for him. The scholarships and fellowships are there, but there is no endowed institution in which he can have the preparation necessary for obtaining them. The working of the Royal University will be unfairly judged if any decision as to its success or failure is come to before such institutions are added to it. While, therefore, Mr. FORSTER was quite right in his judgment of what ought to have been done in 1879, he is quite wrong when he implies that the error of 1879 cannot now be made good. So far is this from being true, that in 1879 it would have been very difficult to do what might be done almost with ease in 1882. In the last Parliament a proposal to endow a Roman Catholic College, however carefully fenced about, would probably have encountered a strong Radical opposition. Now that opposition would, to all appearance, be offered no longer, while the opposition of Irish Conservatives would certainly not be more sustained than it would have been three years ago.

Unfortunately, the Bill which was rejected on Wednesday was in no sense a practical contribution to the settlement of the question. Certain representatives of the Irish Roman Catholics are troubled by the thought that, though there are endowed Protestant Colleges in the Royal University, there are no endowed Catholic Colleges. They propose to remedy this inequality on the principle invoked by the fox in the fable. We, they say, have no endowments, while you have. Endowments are very useful things, and we should like very much to have them. But we are more interested in depriving you of your endowments than in getting similar endowments for ourselves, and the Bill we have brought in endeavours to do this. It proposes to transfer the endowments of the Queen's Colleges to the Royal University, the result of which would be to increase the number of scholarships and fellowships to be competed for while diminishing the amount of preparation to be had for competing for them. This is certainly a singular mode of improving University education in Ireland. It makes the prizes more numerous, and at the same time destroys the

existing means by which students may qualify themselves to win them. The effect of this process would speedily be seen in one of two ways. Either the prizes would be given away whether qualified holders offered themselves or not, or the prizes would be withheld because qualified holders did not offer themselves in sufficient numbers. In the first case, the standard of the higher education would be permanently lowered. In the second case, the only result of the Bill would be to make the need of a wholly different Bill more conspicuous than before. In a wealthy community, with a high educational standard already in existence, it may be enough to found scholarships and fellowships. As soon as it is seen that there are prizes to be won, there will be machinery at work to enable students to win them. But in a poor country like Ireland, and in a community in which, as regards the Roman Catholic majority, the standard of University education has still to be created, nothing of the kind is to be expected. The creation of means by which the student can qualify himself to win prizes is only next in importance to the creation of prizes to be won. The only result of this Bill would have been to make the higher education in Ireland worse than it is already. There is a large part of the population to which the Queen's Colleges do not appeal. But there is also a considerable class to which they do appeal—a class which, if this Bill had passed, would have been deprived of advantages which it now uses to excellent purpose. By all means let similar advantages be extended to the rest of the Irish people, but it would be a very bad prelude to such an extension to destroy that nucleus of a collegiate system which the Royal University at present possesses. What is wanted in Ireland is not the suppression of colleges, but their multiplication.

THE CAUCUS IN THE REFORM CLUB.

IT is seldom that a meeting of the members of a private Club have any interest for the outside public. The sad stories which are whispered from time to time of the growing exclusiveness of these societies have their terrors for those who are still seeking admission into one or other of them, but they concern no one whose ambition in this direction is either unawakened or already gratified. Lately, however, the Reform Club has passed beyond the limits within which the privacy of its action can be regarded as inviolable. When a meeting of members of Parliament to consider the hard case of certain unsuccessful candidates for admission is held in a Committee-room of the House of Commons and reported in the next morning's papers, the affairs even of a Club must be held to have become public property. Sir ARTHUR OTWAY, who took the chair on this interesting occasion, explained the absolute necessity that had arisen for a complete change in the mode of electing the members of the Club. At present the election is by the members, and a section of these members has been guilty of the unprecedented crime of blackballing candidates held in esteem by the Liberal party. For a long time the Liberal party has endured this wrong; but when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's two brothers were rejected, it was evident that the crisis had become acute. Under any circumstances, it would have been terrible if the near relations of a Liberal Cabinet Minister had been thus treated. No matter what their personal demerits might be, they should still have been borne into the Club on the shoulders of their mighty kinsman. But what makes the case more startling still is the whisper that it is their mighty kinsman who is really the cause of their being kept out. These innocent and advanced young men are disliked, it is hinted, not for any demerits of their own, but because there are a good number of members who have no love for Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. A "popular" Manchester Liberal seems to have shared the same fate; but his misfortunes are of little account in the presence of the deeper wrongs of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's brothers. These, and these alone, could have brought together sixty members of the House of Commons to listen to Sir ARTHUR OTWAY's pleading. When they had come together, they did more than listen; they were stirred to prompt and serious action. A special meeting of the Club is to be called together, and a strong effort is to be made to induce the members to transfer the right of election to a Committee. If this is done, there will be no more mishaps such as that which has befallen Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's brothers. Neither personal nor political

dislikes will have any weight when the object of them has the happiness to be near akin to a prominent member of the Liberal party. Relations of a Cabinet Minister will probably be placed on the footing accorded in most Clubs to Princes of the Blood Royal, and admitted without ballot on the simple expression of their willingness to become members. Relations of members of the Government not in the Cabinet will occupy an inferior, but still advantageous, position corresponding to that which their brothers, their cousins, or their uncles have attained in the Ministry. They will have to go through the form of election, but with an understanding that it is only a form. What will be done for "popular Liberals," whether of Manchester or elsewhere, is not so obvious; but they will probably be assured the favourable consideration of the Committee on presentation of a certificate to character from the local Liberal Association. Candidates who have no title to admission beyond that of being Liberals and wishing to be members of the Club, must be content to wait until all the strictly political claims have been disposed of. Perhaps when the members have gone thus far, they will think it expedient to take their cherry at one bite, and to provide that the Reform Club shall in future consist of the Presidents, Secretaries, and Committeemen of every Liberal Caucus, together with such other members as there shall be room for after these paramount pretensions have been satisfied. Upon the merits of the change which it will shortly be proposed to effect in the constitution of the Reform Club, no one but the members can have any right to an opinion. It is permissible, however, to hope, in the interests of the members themselves, that the voting on the project will be by ballot. Otherwise, there will be a bad time in store for those who are bold enough to oppose it. The man who has voted for retaining the right of blackballing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S brothers will be regarded as having already blackballed them, and if he should ever be ill-advised enough to seek to enter the House of Commons, he will find that his sins in Pall Mall have been duly chronicled for the benefit of local Committees.

This little incident has a wider bearing, however, in relation to the Liberal party. Here is another example of the growing tendency to subordinate individual opinion to the opinion of a Caucus. Until now the members of the Reform Club have not delegated to their Committee any functions which they could equally well perform themselves. The Committee has done what the members could not do; it has looked after the kitchen, and kept up the library. But it needs no Committee to pronounce on the merits of candidates for admission. Upon that the members have hitherto thought themselves perfectly competent to decide. They know what manner of man it is that they dislike, and under the protection of the Ballot they give free play to their taste. A party which is everywhere giving up its freedom of action to local Committees is naturally disposed to apply the same principle to the great Liberal Club. When two or three gentlemen are allowed to call themselves the Liberals of such and such a borough, and in that character to pass and forward resolutions, to pat the Government on the back, and to bring their member to book if he displeases them, it is soon seen to be shocking that the members of a Liberal Club, many hundreds in number, should have the insolence to speak for themselves. Before they can have a right to be listened to, they must reduce themselves to manageable dimensions. Self-sacrifice is hereafter to be the badge of the Liberal tribe. Convictions have already gone, and in future they must be followed by tastes and prejudices. The strange thing about the matter is that no one seems to know exactly what it is they are to gain by all these surrenders. What, for instance, is the advantage that will accrue to the members of the Reform Club by giving up their right of election? The rules which govern admission to Clubs are usually supposed to rest on the principle that the pain of associating with men whom you dislike is out of all proportion greater than the pleasure of associating with men whom you like. On this theory the members of the Reform Club who blackballed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S brothers were guarding themselves against a positive annoyance; while the members who vainly tried to get them in only had to submit to a negative annoyance. When this is set right by the transfer of the right of election to a Committee, there will be no longer any protection against the positive annoyance; and though, no doubt, the negative annoyance will be no longer inflicted

since no good Liberal can wish to associate with a man whom the Committee of the Reform Club has rejected, this hardly seems a sufficient compensation. It is just the same with the Caucus. The Liberal party in the borough gives itself up into the hands of a Committee, and takes the chance that this Committee will really represent its views. At first, perhaps, it does; but the election to such bodies tends irresistibly to become co-optative, and all after a time the Committee represents, not the Liberal party as it is, but the Liberal party as it was at some past time. The main object of all this organization seems to be to withhold from the Liberal leaders all indication of the real drift of opinion inside the party. No doubt the recent blackballing at the Reform Club is not much of an indication, but still it is something. When we are assured on all hands that the Liberal party was never more united, and that the ascendancy of the Radical element within it is completely acquiesced in, it is singular that at the chief Liberal Club two candidates should be rejected—by, we fancy, an unprecedentedly large array of black balls—for no other reason than that they are the brothers of the most Radical member of the Cabinet. It may be spiteful, and even indecent, to treat them in this way and for this reason. But in political affairs it is sometimes well that, when spite is felt, it should have an opportunity of manifesting itself. The whole machinery of the Caucus, whether it is applied to the Liberal party or to a Liberal Club, is directed to suppressing all evidence of internal discontent. So long as the attempt is successful, it gives an imposing appearance of unity to the Liberal party; but at the same time it keeps the leaders of the party in a fool's paradise, from which at some future election they may be rudely ejected. Organization becomes too perfect when it conceals significant facts from the very persons to whom it is important that they should be known.

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

OWING to mismanagement and waste of time, for which the Prime Minister is principally responsible, the Government had to rely on the mercy of the Opposition to get the first vote of the Navy Estimates passed in time. While, however, trusting to the House not to paralyse the public service by postponing the vote, the Government, with characteristic disregard for fair play, shuffled a good deal about giving a night for the discussion of the Estimates; and it is not now so clear as might be wished when the debate is to take place. Most fortunate is it, therefore, that Lord Henry Lennox has promptly published his pamphlet on our naval strength as compared with that of France (*Forewarned, Forearmed*. W. Ridgway). Its publication forestalls, no doubt, to some extent the speech which he intends to deliver on the subject; but as it is not certain when he will have an opportunity of delivering that speech, or whether he will have an opportunity of delivering it at all, it is well that the weighty facts which he is able to adduce in support of his views should be laid before the world at once. At the present moment the state of the navy attracts some attention, and that attention should not be allowed to grow cold, as unfortunately attention even to matters of the most vital importance so often does in England. It requires constant and strenuous reiteration to impress unpleasant facts on men's minds; and since the Admiralty has obtained a long respite from Parliamentary criticism, criticism outside the walls of Parliament is assuredly most necessary. And it is also important that the just esteem which is felt for some of the present administrators of naval affairs should not blind people to the fact that, though they have done much, they have not done enough; and that, even with increased expenditure and zealous effort, it will be very hard to prevent our navy from being surpassed within a few years by that of France, and all but impossible to make it a match for the combined navies of France and Italy.

It is to a comparison between the present and the future naval strength of Great Britain and of France that Lord Henry Lennox specially addresses himself in his very well written pamphlet, which contains the substance of speeches delivered by him on various occasions during the last few months. His principal object is to prove that, unless we adopt very active measures, the French fleet will in 1885 be stronger than ours; but, before entering into a comparison of the great war-ships of the two countries, he touches on the question of the protection of English commerce, with the purpose of showing how essential it is that our fleets should be not only stronger, but vastly stronger, than those of France. Here he not only proves his case, but proves perhaps too much. In 1881 the gross tonnage of the steamers of the world was 6,700,000, of which 4,200,000 were English, 630,000 American, and only 420,000 French. Obviously, then, the French may be said to have scarcely any commerce to protect as compared with ours; but, unfortunately, it is also obvious that full and adequate protection of our commerce would

be scarcely possible without such a weight of taxation as neither this nor any other country has ever yet borne. In the event of war, our cruisers might do their best to follow up those of the enemy; but, even with the utmost skill and diligence, chases over the whole aqueous face of the globe would often be fruitless, while the protection of thousands of steamers plying to almost every known port would be beyond the power of any navy that could be organized without an almost inconceivable effort. It is clear that our commerce would suffer greatly if we went to war with a maritime Power; but, at the same time, it is certain that, though full protection of our general commerce all over the world would not be possible, we ought to have a large fleet of quick cruisers to catch and destroy hostile vessels. For the protection of our food supply such ships would be yet more necessary. Lord Henry Lennox points out, as many have pointed out before, that for the bread and meat it consumes this country is dependent on the due arrival of its food-laden ships. It may be said that, should war arise, the food cargoes could be sent under a neutral flag; but it must be remembered that the Americans, who principally supply us, cannot take advantage of the Declaration of Paris; and that, as other European Powers have much less to fear from a war with America than we have, American ships might be greatly harassed by an enemy. It is almost certain that food-laden vessels would have to be accompanied by a strong convoy; and that, if this were not done, the population of the whole country might find itself in much the same position as that of Paris was during the last part of the siege. What our present fleet of quick cruisers is, and how far it would be competent to protect food supply and chase the enemy's ships, Lord Henry Lennox—in mercy, perhaps—refrains from showing; and in this he is right, for elaborate proof would be at once superfluous and painful. There can be no doubt that the fleet of fast unarmoured ships is far below what would be required in the event of war with a great naval Power. It might, perhaps, be considerably increased by arming merchantmen; but this is not certain, the fitness of large merchant steamers for war purposes being not as yet by any means demonstrated.

The question of our strength in ironclads, as compared with that of France, is a more complex one than that of our strength in unarmoured ships, and is treated in detail by Lord Henry Lennox. He institutes a careful comparison between the line-of-battle ships and coast defence ships which each country now possesses, and between those which they will probably possess in, or a little before, 1885. While fully agreeing with his views as to the great future strength of France, we are unable altogether to agree with all that he says respecting the present naval power of the two countries. Very rightly he deals only with non-obsolete ships; and the following is his list of what he considers the first-class ironclads of the two countries. English:—"Inflexible, Dreadnought, Thunderer, Devastation, Neptune, Alexandra, Temeraire, Superb, Hercules, Sultan, Belleisle, Orion, Rupert, Hotspur." French:—"Amiral Duperré, Dévastation, Poudroyant, Redoutable, Friedland, Bayard, Turenne."

The last two vessels are, as Lord Henry Lennox himself points out, ranked by Sir T. Brassey as second-class ironclads. Perhaps, however, they are rightly placed on the list, which should be increased by the *Requin*, for reasons which will be explained when speaking of the English ironclads. To the list of the English ships, exception must be taken. It is very doubtful whether the *Belleisle*, *Orion*, *Hotspur*, and *Rupert* ought to be ranked as first-class ironclads; and, on the other hand, in order to obtain a fair estimate of the strength of the two navies, the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* should be added to the list of British ships. It is true that they are not complete, as, according to last year's estimates, they ought to be, but they are very nearly finished, and what little has to be done could doubtless be hastened; so that a fairer estimate is obtained by treating them as forming part of the present fleet than by classing them with vessels which, for the most part, will not be ready for some time. In like manner the *Requin*, which is apparently as near completion as the *Ajax*, should be added to the list of French ships. Making these alterations in no way affects the justice of Lord Henry Lennox's conclusions, since, if they are included in the present fleets, they must be taken from the list of ships building; and Lord Henry's object is quite as much to show how little we are building as compared with France, as to indicate present weakness. With these two ships added, and the four which have been named taken away, the fleet of great ironclads would consist of twelve vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which is 102,130. The French vessels named by Lord Henry Lennox, with the addition of the *Requin*, represent 66,480 tons. The total horsepower of the two sets of ships cannot be accurately stated, owing to the want of information respecting the French vessels, but there can be no doubt that the English total is considerably in excess of the other. It would clearly seem, therefore, that the English fleet is decidedly the stronger of the two, but it is to be observed that the French ships have the advantage in armament, carrying breech-loaders, and also that some of them have proportionally heavier cannon and thicker plates than the English. This latter fact is not easily accounted for. Of course it may be said that the French naval architects have been more skilful than ours, and have known better how to construct and armour their ships; but we very much doubt if this is the true explanation. We believe that Lord Northbrook in no way exaggerated when, speaking in the House of Lords the week before last, he bestowed high eulogy on the present constructive staff of the Admiralty. The construction of a modern war-ship is a task which presents many contradictory conditions,

and advantages in one direction can only be obtained by sacrifices in another. In all likelihood, if the question could be fully examined, it would be found that the French have obtained some advantages by giving up certain sea-going qualities to which, rightly enough, Mr. Barnaby and his very able subordinates attach great importance.

In great ironclads, then, the English navy is, as we stated last week, stronger than the French. Whether the superiority is such as it ought to be, seeing how much more there is for our navy to do, is another question. Lord Henry Lennox gives a list of the ships now available for home service, or, in other words, for defence against invasion, which we recommend to those intelligent and thoughtful persons who are fond of demonstrating their superior intelligence by mechanically repeating the words "scare" and "alarmist." We do not propose to follow him in this comparison, which should be studied in his pages, or to enter into a comparison of the second-class ironclads, of which, on the whole, England seems to have the stronger fleet. We remarked in the article above referred to, that the French navy, at present inferior to ours, was likely before long to be formidably augmented, and the accuracy of this statement is very fully shown by the table which Lord Henry Lennox gives of the ships now building in the dockyards of the two countries. With regard to the future strength of the two countries he certainly proves his case with terrible force, and shows only too clearly that the French have been making for some time efforts far greater than ours, and that in 1885 their navy will be more powerful than that of Great Britain. Excluding the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* and those vessels mentioned in this year's Estimates which are at present merely projected, there are now actually building or completing in the British dockyards five first-class ironclads. These are the *Colossus*, 9,150 tons, with 18 to 14-inch armour, carrying four 12-inch 43-ton guns; the *Majestic* just re-named the *Edinburgh*, of the same size and power; the *Collingwood*, 9,150 tons, with 18 to 16-inch armour, carrying four 12-inch 43-ton guns; the *Conqueror*, 6,200 tons, with 12-inch armour, carrying two 12-inch 43-ton guns; and the *Rodney*, which has only just been begun. Against this poor list the French have a formidable one to show. Lord Henry Lennox gives in a tabular form a statement showing what they are doing; and the most important portions of this we reproduce, adding the tonnage, which he has not given, and striking out the *Requin*. Thus altered the table is as follows:—

	Tons.	ARMOUR.	HEAVY GUNS ONLY.	No.
			Tons.	
Amiral Baudin ...	11,441	21 5	16 5	100 3
Formidable ...	11,441	21 5	16 5	100 3
Caiman ...	7,230	20	18	17 inch 72 2
Indomptable ...	7,184	20	18	17 " 72 2
Terrible ...	7,184	20	18	17 " 72 2
Hooho ...	9,864	18	16	13 5 " 48 3
Magenta ...	9,864	18	16	13 5 " 48 2
Marceau ...	9,864	18	16	10 8 " 23 2
Neptune ...	9,864	18	18	13 5 " 48 3
			10 8	" 23 2

Here again it is to be observed that some of the French ships seem to have proportionally heavier guns and thicker armour than ours, and perhaps this superiority in offensive and defensive strength may be dearly bought. Sir T. Brassey, in his recently published book, says that the *Amiral Baudin* and *Formidable* will probably have 75-ton instead of 100-ton guns, and not impossibly in other vessels 59-ton will be substituted for 72-ton ordnance; but when all possible deductions have been made, the ominous table still indicates a naval armament hugely in excess of what we are getting ready, and shows that within the next two or three years the French will surpass us in great ships of the latest and most effective type. The construction of large ironclads takes long, and can be but little hastened, and it is not comforting to think that while we have paused the French have been steadily at work, and that many of their new vessels are well advanced. Still more dispiriting is it to think that if an alliance—improbable, doubtless, but not impossible—were to take place, our position would be almost hopeless. Should Italy and France combine, and the *Duisio*, *Dandolo*, *Lepanto*, and *Italia* be added to the French ships, our navy would be completely overmatched. It is well that these disagreeable truths should be known to Englishmen, and that definite facts should be opposed to the puerile nonsense of those who rely, not unhappily without reason, on the steady reiteration of catchwords and phrases. Lord Henry Lennox deserves much gratitude for having shown how great will be the access to the naval strength of France within a period too short to allow us to overtake her without enormous effort; and it is much to be hoped that before the discussion of the Navy Estimates takes place his cogent pamphlet, containing so much that can hardly be controverted, may receive the attention it well deserves.

NOBBLING THE PRESS.

THE term to "nobble" may not be classical English; indeed, we fear that our language owes it to the slang of racing stables. It is one of the many euphemisms with which the shady and dishonest cloak their conduct. Thus beggars do not call themselves beggars, but are known in their own profession as "askers." "Jane has married an asker," said Jane's mother to a lady who was inquiring about the maiden's fortunes; and it turned out that

"asker" was the technical term for beggar. We rather wonder they do not call themselves petitioners or beseechers, but doubtless an improvement of that sort will speedily result from the diffusion of education. Thieves, again, are not so devoid of taste and tact as to speak of robbing and stealing. They "crack cribs," or they are "on the lay," or they "bene," "bag," "jump," and, in political circles, "annex," the property of other people. In much the same way persons who desire to bully, cajole, bribe, suborn, or intimidate a free and independent press, our country's boast and palladium, talk of "nobbling" the newspapers. In the elegant dialect of sporting novelists, to "noble" is a stronger term for to "get at" a horse, or his owner, or his jockey; and to "get at" means secretly to frustrate, spoil, lame, dose, drug, or otherwise prevent the horse from "doing his level best," or for that matter his best across hurdles, or in a steeplechase.

The most guileless of us know, from our researches in sporting literature, that there are many ways of "nobbling" a horse. You may surreptitiously introduce yourself into his stable, though this is very difficult and perilous, and put a drug in his corn or sharp nails in his straw, or give him a ball, or increase his allowance of liquid beyond what is temperate and wholesome. If it is difficult to "get at" a horse in this manner, it is almost impossible to get at the press. No one could crawl furtively into the printing-room and insert a long puff of a Channel Tunnel, or a patent medicine, or a tragedian, or a poet, or painter, or professional beauty without being detected. A line, at most, may be covertly introduced into a speech, or an indecent advertisement may be inserted; but this is the sort of "nobbling" which malice prompts, not desire of gain. Besides, there is only one stable, so to speak, in which this dangerous and difficult style of "nobbling" is practised much with impunity.

The second plan, among racing men of the baser sort, is to "get at" the owner of the horse whose natural rate of speed or style of going it is thought desirable to correct. The way to "get at" an owner is to buy him; and this may either be done with money down, or he may be paid with information given, or he may be "put on" to some "good thing," or in some other way his interests are successfully appealed to, and an unexpected change takes place in the running of Brother to Cauliflower. Having been speedy, he becomes slow; from a willing horse and an honest, he turns as capricious, self-willed, and unambitious as Peter proved himself last year. Perhaps he is simply "hard held"; perhaps he is permitted to drink several buckets of water when prudence would counsel moderation; perhaps he merely falls lame. Anyhow, the horse "is not himself," and the reason of his deplorable change of character is simply this—that his owner has been nobbled. If a horse can be got at through his owner, anxiety about his performances among those to whom his perseverance in well-doing would be fatal is at an end. Newspapers may most profitably and certainly be "nobbled" in exactly the same way. The gentlemen who are running a submarine tunnel between Egypt and Cyprus (an enterprise most philanthropic, patriotic, possible, pious, and business-like) find that the *Star of Evening* is opposed to their project. The *Star* thinks the thing not feasible, in the first place, and points out, in the second, that the tunnel, if complete, would give Araby Bey (or Bay Arab, or Ourabi Bey, or whatever name he hears most willingly) a hold over our important Cyprian possessions. We might wake up some fine morning to find Paphos and Idalia and the key to the Euphrates Railway occupied by an overpowering force of Egyptian troops. Why not? The Egyptians once occupied the Caucasus—at least, so Herodotus declares—and this is an age of reviving nationalities. So the *Star* keeps saying, and the *Heosphoros*, that brilliant morning journal, agrees with it. There is unanimity on the subject in the press, as when the morning stars sang together. Quietly and gradually, so gradually that the public does not observe the change, some of the unanimous and independent journals cease to say much about the Egypto-Cyprian submarine tunnel. Then in one print or another which had been hostile a little word of praise creeps out, and soon there will be several to join in a chorus of dithyrambs, if such a form of musical entertainment is possible. To return to our stable metaphor, the running is quite altered, and you can place no reliance on past performances and public form. Half a dozen prints are racing for the prize of praising the Egypto-Cyprian tunnel most loudly. The old objections about Araby Bey are declared to be ludicrous, "the apprehensions of old women." The tunnel is absolutely necessary if Cyprian raisins and dried locusts are to compete with those brought to Cairo overland from Timbuctoo. It is absolutely necessary for the health of our Cyprian garrison that the men should smoke Egyptian cigarettes regularly, and (owing to the unlucky surf off Limasol and Famagosta) regular and copious supplies can only be secured by the tunnel. In short, the old arguments *con* are shelved, new arguments *pro* are invented, and our favourite papers have become converts to the theory that there never, oh never! was a war between nations which could reach each other without crossing salt water.

What is the cause of this alteration in public form and in the guides of public opinion? The cynical will tell you that the owners of some independent prints have been "got at"—not, of course, by a mere money bribe. The days of Bacon are long past, and only lady litigants from the wildest parts of wild Wales venture to send judges presents of anonymous hampers of game. But the advertisement screw may be put on proprietors of some organs, and the social screw may be worked on others. Many men would sell, if not their souls (on which they probably place

but a dubious tariff), certainly their columns, for the sake of being asked to certain drawing-rooms. Once there, they are like stars in more ways than one, for they "dwell apart," and every one says, like the child in the hymn, "how I wonder who they are!" This kind of position seems to afford but a doubtful joy; but as many papers have been "nobbled" by a bow and a cup of tea as by the offer to send, or the threat to withdraw, advertisements.

When the owner of a horse is beyond reach of temptation, it is sometimes possible to come to terms with his jockey. That independent artist may be sometimes bribed, and sometimes bullied, into riding an animal so that he belies his past performances, and "lets in"—lets into a slough of despond—the guileless public which has backed him. Sometimes, in the same way, the editor of a paper (who may for the moment be compared to the jockey of a horse) may be unworthily biassed much in the same way as the spirited proprietor. He finds himself involved in close personal relations with people against whom, if he did not know them, he would wage a paper war. He gets "tips" (not sovereigns of course, but information) from a leading Girondin in office, and therefore that extreme Legitimist print, *The Lily*, always speaks very tenderly of that particular Girondin. *The Lily* may rate his colleagues, but in speaking of him says, "You're a gentleman, sir, you are," like an angry cabman when he wishes to make a distinction between two persons with whom he is involved in a dispute. It is really impossible to write like the *Père Duchesne* or like M. Veuillot about a statesman, when you have just been squeezed for half an hour against his hospitable door, or into a corner of his patrician wall among a crowd of the great. In this wise, then, not to mention others, may the editor be got at without even being conscious that he is nobbled, and that his print is thrown out of its paces.

Failing the owners and the jockeys, the speculative and subtle are wont to suborn the stable-boy, if he is attainable. To the stable-boy we may modestly compare the mere common critic, reviewer, and general-utility man of the press. Only very small operators trouble themselves to noble him, and they treat him in an off-hand, cavalier sort of way. Some one knows a man whose sister has written a novel, or whose uncle has painted a picture. Some one also knows a reviewer or an art critic. He never thinks twice about writing to his luckless acquaintance, and demanding an instant, long, and favourable notice of the picture or the review. "Why on earth," the puzzled journeyman of letters asks himself, "should I go out of my way to praise, and praise *instantly*, too, a daub all out of drawing, or a novel in which the very grammar is helplessly at sea? If I knew So-and-so's friend's sister, or uncle, I might be tempted (though I would resist temptation) to be lenient; but the sister and uncle are no more to me than Hecuba." So this conscientious stable-boy is not nobbled, but he makes an enemy where he had an acquaintance, or rather he makes enemies of a whole family. Again, if we suppose the poor wretch to yield to temptation, he is none the better, but rather the worse, as, however much you may praise a poet or painter, you always hurt his fine feelings somewhere. The last and most vulgar form of "nobbling" the press is well known as the luncheon, or tiffin trick. It used to be confined to advertising tradesmen and hotelkeepers, and was practised on newspaper reporters. Now it has been practised on a loftier scale, and people of influence will soon be requested to look through dry champagne and a pleasant memory of oysters at the new overland route from San Francisco to Paris, by way of the North Pole. But wedding breakfasts do not always incline the guests to a favourable view of matrimony, and there may be found persons ungrateful enough to lunch at the opening of the Putney Common Gold Mines, and afterwards speak unkindly of the prospects of that enterprise.

THE SEASONS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

SO far as the weather goes, wintering in the South is too often a disappointment and delusion. A chilly sun may shine fitfully; the winds may blow violently and bitterly; the rain occasionally comes down in torrents, or, when it does "hold up," you take your walks abroad under leaden skies which are singularly depressing. The houses are indifferently built; the architectural arrangements of the best hotels are directed rather against heat than cold; while the stoves and grates would leave much to desire even were they not supplied with an insufficiency of inferior fuel. No doubt both man and nature manage matters better in the Riviera; but we are writing at present of Southern Europe. We never remember to have suffered so severely from cold at Christmas-time as on the banks of the Guadalquivir in "sunny" Andalusia; and, at a time of life when we were by no means addicted to low spirits, we have found atmospheric influences get the mastery of us altogether before the close of a Roman season. Going to Southern Italy for the winter, you put into a lottery, in which you may possibly draw a prize, but will probably draw a blank. The temperature in Rome seldom sinks excessively low, but the atmosphere is apt to be raw and depressing. There are mouldy odours in the air in the more venerable quarters of the city; and the gaunt buildings cast their dismal shadows over piazzas where there is a melancholy plash of fountains; while yellow fogs, with a disagreeable suspicion of malarial, wreath themselves upwards of a morning from the low bed of the Tiber, dissipating themselves slowly in the Ripetta and the adjacent streets. The sculpture galleries strike cold as so many charnel-houses; the picture galleries, in desolate or half-inhabited palaces, are only a

few degrees more genial; and even of an afternoon, when the chill should have been fairly taken off the day, there will be blue noses and bloodless cheeks among the muffled promenaders on the drives of the Pincian. All this, we say, may happen in very normal conditions of the climate; nor is Rome, with its very peculiar pavements and its formidable distances, a place that invites the stranger to pedestrian exercise. You quickly catch a cold, and it clings to you like the enchanted robe of the Centaur; or you awaken latent symptoms of neuralgia or rheumatism, which, growing steadily more sensitive to the temperature of the thoroughfares, tend decidedly to become chronic.

But, of all circumstances in which colds may be confidently reckoned upon, give us a damp and blustering winter in Naples. It is quite out of the question to keep the house when the scenery of the Bay seems so enchanting in the brilliant, though intermittent, bursts of sunshine. But rain squalls will burst upon you with barely a moment's warning, while the capriciousness of the gusts from any part of the compass turns the stoutest umbrellas outside in. Again, shrivelling winds from the coldest quarters come sweeping suddenly round the corners of the Chiaja; or, after basking like a lazzarone or a lizard in the sunbeams, you are rolling through the cool gloom of the Grotto of Posilipo; or you are picking your steps to some point of view or object of interest through the tenacious clay of the deeply-rutted Campanian lanes, where the bottomless holes are kept perpetually filled from one rain-storm to another. All this may be matter of indifference to the robust; but it is more than trying to weak constitutions; while thinly-shod women must confine themselves to the carriages, which are rarely in any case either wind or weather tight. And one thing is certain, though it is no comfort to know it, that in a Southern winter the inhabitants suffer more seriously from disagreeable atmospheric conditions than yourself. For you see next to nothing of those picturesque characteristics of Southern life which associate themselves so naturally with Italian art, Italian song, and Italian opera. The dwellers in the suburbs huddle together indoors over suffocating braziers, in place of spending their days in the open streets, and under the blue vault of a cloudless heaven. There is little gossip going on round the village fountains, and the fires of Southern passion seem to smoulder, judging by the fewness of the *al fresco* flirtations. There is little vocal melody, and less instrumental music; the sounds of the lyre and guitar are hushed like the feathered songsters of the groves; the village improvisatore has a severe cold in the chest, and the flow of his ideas is half frozen at their source. There are no merry groups of stalwart youths and blooming maidens among the trellised vines; and the peasants, driving dung-laden donkeys before them, go dully about their necessary field labours, as the fishermen, with throats enveloped in woollen, put out from the beach, bending songless to their oars. In summer, of course, you see the reverse of all this; and, if nature seems to seek repose through the most sultry hours of the sun-glow, the men and women are, generally speaking, as lively as the frogs in one of the marshes after nightfall. They devour water-melons, farinaceous foods, and cooling herbs with infinite gusto; they exhale puffs of most execrable tobacco with an ineffable expression of enjoyment; nor does it need the narcotic to assure them that dreamless sleep from which they awaken as vociferous and as cheerful as their field-crickets. But, though these summer spectacles strike the student of manners as characteristic, curious, and excessively poetical, they are nevertheless both irritating and tantalizing. Doing Southern Italy in the dog-days is hard work to the Northern visitor. It is especially hard work because he is reduced to enforced inactivity for so great a portion of his time. He envies the natives their happy capacity for rest and labour in easy alternations. He envies them the light costume which sets the conventionalities and almost the proprieties at defiance. He almost envies them the ascetic system of diet which has trained them to keep nature in reasonable vigour on huge slices of *cocomero*, with occasional handfuls of *polenta* and lettuce-leaves. For himself, seeing that his nights are disturbed by the heat, by the swarms of mosquitoes and the hosts of creeping things; and learning that the glare of the noonday sun is not only almost intolerable, but dangerous, he has to fall back upon the practice of interminable siestas, which are altogether antipathetical to his energetic nature. He finds his food difficult to swallow, and when swallowed, it scarcely sustains. Drinks he dare only indulge in with strict discretion, in spite of an unquenchable thirst; for those that are at all alcoholic turn to fire in his veins, while others that are purely refreshing turn to gall in his stomach. The thought of each impending stage in his journey haunts him habitually in his waking moments as the memories of the last one have turned to nightmares in his dreams; so that altogether, although he may be glad in the retrospect to have done the South at "the suitable season," he will probably have no desire to repeat his salamander-like experiences during a second summer.

The fact is that the spring is the only season when out-of-doors life in Southern Italy is thoroughly enjoyable to an energetic Englishman. The best of the season may begin about the middle of March; or even earlier in more tropical Sicily. It may be prolonged almost indefinitely by judicious management, as one moves leisurely northward towards the lakes, which are still delightful in the early summer. Most English people, having probably wintered in Florence or Rome, go south on a flying trip after the Carnival, intending to return to the city of the Church for the Easter ceremonies. That is a mistake; and decidedly the better plan is to select, say Palermo for the starting-point of the spring

tour, to go straight thither, and then retrace your steps. You can hardly reach Palermo prematurely, and the country of the Golden Shell is always in beauty from the day when the almond trees begin to put out their blossoms. But, as there is no such thing as an earthly paradise, there are drawbacks to Palermo in the size of the city, the length of the mean and straggling suburbs, and the traditional insecurity of the environs, which may create a certain uneasiness. It is a long and odoriferous walk to the barriers in any case, and there are generally rumours of brigand outrages circulating in the smoking-rooms of the hotels. Possibly the reports are altogether fabulous; but, now that brigands exact extravagant ransoms, and enforce them by promptly proceeding to atrocities, the merest off-chance of a capture may disturb the landscape-hunter's equanimity. In the neighbourhood of Naples, on the other hand, the brigands who used to practise their industry in the province of Salerno have long ago been exterminated to all intents and purposes. You may wander in the umbrageous chestnut-forests behind Castellamare and climb the commanding heights in the peninsula of Sorrento without the slightest apprehension of a disagreeable encounter. And nowhere in Italy is the spring more enchanting. There is an invigorating freshness in the air of the mornings and evenings. The noonday heat may always be tempered by the shadows that are flung over the most enchanting paths, winding between banks tapestried with maidenhair, through groves of orange, ilex, and olive trees, or among the dense thickets of ferns in the depths of precipitous ravines. Yet there is enough of warm sunshine acting on the thin soil that has been saturated by the rains of the winter to produce a most luxuriant, though ephemeral, growth of wild flowers, with an infinite richness of colour. There, as on the other side of Naples, the more distant views—which must be almost invariably seaward—are unequalled in extent as for variety of coast-line. Everywhere in the foreground you see floating the graceful forms of such islands as Capri and Ischia, as rich in their colouring as the wild-flowers. Except in circumstances very exceptional, the seas are as blue as the skies; while the atmosphere is so pure and calm that the smoke from Vesuvius defines itself clearly as it hangs over the cone in the swelling shape of the characteristic stone-pines. And, to descend from the sphere of the romantic to the practical, the hotels, for the most part, are exceedingly snug; while, for those who desire to make a longer sojourn, apartments are to be had both cheap and comfortable. It would not seem easy to change your head-quarters for the better, and yet you can hardly regret going northwards to Rome. For nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the desolation of the Campagna when it has just been assuming the dress of spring that will be so speedily parched and withered. When you last saw these solitudes in one of your winter rides they were brown, haggard, and repulsive; and the dreary landscape looked as absolutely out-at-elbows as one of the shepherds or herdsmen in his ragged sheepskin. Now a flush of vivid green has been spreading in great patches over the rolling waste; masses of rank vegetation have been vivified as by enchantment round the pools that stagnate over the caked subsoil in many a hollow; while beds of violets fill the air with their fragrance, overpowering the taint of the decaying herbage and masonry. Inhaling the brisk breezes from the Alban Hills, and looking through the dry and purified atmosphere at the villas and villages that cluster on the sides of the mountains, you may ignore in the daytime the terrors of the malaria that might waylay you, did you happen to be belated. And so at that pleasant season, you may safely dare prove distant excursions to lonely country villas and half-forgotten feudal fortresses, where the malaria demon stalks at noonday in summer. Indeed the chief danger of devoting an Easter-tide to excursions near Rome is that you may be so fascinated as to be tempted to prolong them unduly. For when even the airy gardens of the beautiful Doria Pamphili Villa become pestilential, you never know when an unexpected sickness may not seize upon you; and if the snake lurks among the flower-beds on well-kept lawns, it is sure to be found in natural shrubberies and the reed-grown swamps on the lower Tiber. But there is the less reason for lingering too long near Rome, that the healthy attractions of the more northerly provinces are inexhaustible; and one might pleasantly loiter for weeks, or even months, on the road passing to Florence through Narni and Perugia.

THE GREAT HAT QUESTION.

NOTHING is more pleasing to the student of history than to observe the impossibility of finding out the truth about facts which occur in his own day. And nothing has illustrated this impossibility better than the momentous incident which sent a thrill of hesitating admiration through the ranks of the Radical party on Tuesday night. Whether Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain was the Cabinet Minister who headed the noble band of voluntary or involuntary pretesters against Monarchy, we have given up all hope of knowing. As the incident only occurred in broad daylight, and in the presence of many scores of persons, it is clearly impossible that we ever should know. The documentary evidence on the subject is hopeless. "It was Mr. Bright," says one. "It was Mr. Chamberlain," says another. "It was both," says a rationalist, who has evidently been studying the processes of "harmonizers." As to the followers of the great man there is less divergence. That noble band consisted, it would seem,

of Mr. Jesse Collings, the sweet and light contribution of Ipswich working-men, acting on Mr. Matthew Arnold's address to them; of Mr. Finigan, whose star has sunk a little before those of Messrs. Sexton and Healy, but who is still a representative child of Erin; and of Mr. Bradlaugh, who evermore sits stolenwise by the Bar. On the best principles of critical interpretation the act of Mr. Jesse Collings infers the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain rather than that of Mr. Bright. As for Mr. Finigan, when was Ireland backward in a deed of true daring? Mr. Bradlaugh's known principles do not militate against the supposition that he would respond to Mr. Chamberlain's demand, "Oh! who will stand on my left hand" (the right being reserved for Mr. Collings), "and keep his hat with me?" But, being nothing if not fair, we shall observe in Mr. Bradlaugh's favour that acute observers have noticed in him an apparent belief that to be constantly hatted is in some way a "testimony unto them," a vindication of the rights of Northampton. Other members wear their hats, take them off, duplicate them (if the great theory of the non-working hat is to be believed), or omit them altogether, as whim or convenience directs; but Mr. Bradlaugh attaches special preciousness to the chief privilege of which he has not been deprived by a base majority. He cannot speak, he cannot vote, but he can wear his hat. Therefore, he may be excluded from the list of the covered ones. Mr. Collings and Mr. Finigan are acceptable by the sternest and most destructive criticism. Between Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain the question is one of long and arduous argument. If it was Mr. Bright, the act must pretty certainly be set down either to pure inadvertence or to a remnant of Quaker tradition, and in either case its interest ceases. If it was Mr. Chamberlain, there is the possibility, almost the probability, that a new and terrible pledge of fidelity has been given to the noble army of Radicals. Then, after all this speculation, come the printed votes of the House of Commons, and unblushingly assert, in the teeth of all evidence, that "all members were uncovered." Chaos returns again, till the certainty of the great act of Messrs. Collings and Finigan refreshes the mind. They did it, there is no doubt about it; and would he alone break from the hatted—the freemen; would he alone sink to the hatless—the slaves? It is impossible; and for our own part we believe, on internal testimony, that it must have been Mr. Chamberlain.

There is one detail of the incident on which, if we had space, it would be pleasant to dwell, and that is the extraordinary omniscience of Mr. Samuelson. It is true that, like Father Holt's in *Emond*, it is a rather imperfect omniscience, as Sir Richard Cross, when he had recovered from his bewilderment at the chief who had unsuspected been taking exact notes of his life and conversation, and could produce them without warning and pat to the moment, was easily able to show. But still it is very wonderful that on a totally unforeseen occasion (or had The Three plotted it with Mr. Samuelson?) a member should recollect exactly what another member had been doing a fortnight before under given circumstances. Can it be that Mr. Samuelson is an unknown Pepsy, and that in some huge volume he keeps in cunning cypher a detailed account of the proceedings of Parliament? But Mr. Samuelson is merely an "episode," as some masters of the English language have it in these days. The main interest centres on The Three, about whom somebody really ought to write a ballad of the most heroic kind. It is with great grief that we have observed, on the part of those newspapers which ought to welcome and blaze abroad the brave deeds of the Radical heroes, a tendency rather to poochpooch, not to say to huddle up, the matter. The fresh and vigorous Liberalism of the provinces will, we fear, observe in this action a proof of the numbing effect of London, and especially of those fiendish Clubs of which we hear so much, and from the influence of which the fresh and vigorous provincial is (sometimes owing to causes not altogether under his own control) happily exempt. "When three men hat together, the kingdoms are less by three" (it is really remarkable how many inspiring sentences of the poets apply to this deed of derring do), and the fiery cross of the great liberating device of Gutenberg—it is to be hoped that that is right, but we are little accustomed to speak in the mood of eloquence and passion—should surely have been sent round. It should have carried the news centrifugally to every one of those corners of the isle which, as Mr. Gladstone says, ought to return, and will return the Parliaments, *clôturables à merci et à miséricorde*, of the future. Is this a time for hinting accident or oversight, for basely dwelling on a mere question of personal identity, when the hat of the free is firmly fixed on his throbbing brow, and the crown of the tyrant trembles by a natural reaction? The act is the greatest on the rolls of fame since Sir John Fenwick cocked his hat in Queen Mary's face as she walked along the Mall, and it is not quite certain that it is not nobler even than that. For though, as William the Deliverer justly pointed out, he could not avenge the insult offered to his wife, and so there was much nobility in Sir John's deed, still the Queen must have had in those days attendants with swords who might have made it very unpleasant for the Jacobite baronet. Now on Tuesday night the insult, besides being exquisitely chosen, considering the purport of the Message which was slighted, was also absolutely certain to be performed with entire impunity. This is the essence of the New Chivalry, some hints for a chapter on which The Three have furnished to that famous edition of the *Ethics* in which the New Courage, and the New Justice, and the New Truth already hold a place. Indeed,

after this act it were flat atheism to despair of the country. It was a miserable aristocrat, shamming love of freedom, who wrote:—Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke, Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke, Yet perished fated Rome.

Who fears for this our later Rome,
When Collings rams his castor home?
And cowering courtiers faintly scan
The beavered bust of Finigan,

is humbly suggested to any Radical bard as the opening couplets of a poem which cannot fail to be successful.

We cannot remonstrate too strongly with those mistaken Radicals who have striven to hush up the incident. It is, indeed, conceivable that such of them as are yet in comparative darkness may be a little dazzled with the excessive brilliancy of the flash which shows them which way they are going, perhaps a little startled at the "formidable shapes, the sinister sky, the unfamiliar landscape into which they have been brought unsuspecting." The new gospel of vulgar insolence towards a Queen, of contempt for forms which express reverence, not so much towards a person as towards the institution which embodies all the traditions, all the glories, all the history of England, always seems to disturb even the elect when it is too nakedly preached. "Who cares for your traditions? D—n your traditions," an Irish gentleman is reported to have remarked not long ago, when some one was mildly remonstrating with him on the attitude of some of his countrymen towards the traditions of the House of Commons. "Who cares for your traditions? D—n your traditions," is the eloquent language, translated from felt and silk and leather into words, of the three immortal hats. These rough symbolic strokes of genius occasionally, it is true, shock more than they encourage, and the history of Charles I.'s trial has been thought to be instructive on this point. Perhaps it is some sense of this which makes the newspapers referred to unready to claim and dilate upon the act. But no such motive or obligation need weigh with us. On the contrary, we have the greatest pleasure in officiating as interpreters and chroniclers of the *hauts faits et gestes* of The Three. Mr. Bradlaugh may think it hard to be excluded; and there are, we understand, other claimants for a share in the honour. There always are in such cases. But in Messrs. Collings, Finigan, and the mighty Umbra, who certainly comes from Birmingham, but whose bodily presence shifts and varies (and whom we therefore avoid naming, lest haply we fall into the error of Mr. Sludge, and "call a spirit Joe whose name was John"), the real merit and importance of the deed lies. For the second time in history a hat (or at least three hats) is intimately connected with the dawn of liberty in a down-trodden people. But how different are the cases! No antecedence of degrading memory, except that on former occasions they may have been weakly taken off, attends the hats of The Three as it did that of the tyrant Gessler. They certainly ought to be preserved (of course at Birmingham); and, as the superposition of the three might excite improper and vulgar associations, each should have its appropriate block. Obviously, too, the hat of liberty must supersede the cap in Black-Silk-Chimney-Pot-Country. Let no man see in these remarks a spirit of idle jeering. The act of The Three really is symbolical; it would serve as a text for a month of political Sundays. The sweetness and light of the Radical Church, its gracious manners, its noble scorn of trifles, its enlarged and philosophical idea of personal independence and dignity—all appear charmingly in the action. It would be a sad pity it were a mere fortuitous occurrence; and the only thing to be said is that there would be some consolation in the very remarkable selection of persons to whom fortune *ludum insolentem ludere pertinax* arranged that this fortuitous coincidence should happen.

COUNTRY LAWYERS.

THERE are certain disagreeable things to which we have become so accustomed by constant use that we should feel lost if suddenly freed from them. It is the fashion to grumble at lawyers and to complain of their bills, their slowness, and their greed for business; but we strongly suspect that many country gentlemen would find life very dull without them. Modern man feels himself incomplete without his satellites, foremost among which are his doctor, his dentist, and his solicitor, whose pleasing duty it is to find fresh sensations to relieve the tedium of existence for their employer—a task, we may add, in which they rarely fail to succeed.

The word lawyer, even when limited to solicitors, may have many significations. It may mean a London solicitor, whose chief occupation is to go to barristers and obtain "counsel's opinions," or whose exclusive business it is to get up cases for the courts of law. Or it may mean a practitioner whose speciality is to negotiate the letting of public-houses, or to defend poachers and thieves in the police-courts. It sometimes means a man who is employed by money-lenders to screw the last farthing out of their hapless victims, and it also includes the man who is so accurately versed in criminal law as to be able to inform swindlers, impostors, and scoundrels of all kinds exactly how far they may proceed in their villainies without rendering themselves liable to legal penalties. But there is another kind of man to whom the term is applied, and it is of this class that we now intend to treat. The country lawyer of good standing differs as much from the pettifogger as a field-marshal differs from a

private of marnes. He is the secret-holder of the most important families in the county; his advice is sought and followed by grandees, squires, and great ladies, and he is generally a wealthy man himself. One source of his influence is that he often has much more knowledge of his clients than they have of themselves. He knows exactly how much a year each of them has, which is more, in many cases, than they know themselves; he knows the acreage of their properties, the exact conditions under which they hold them, and what their lands would probably be worth if thrown upon the market. He often has complete charge of their affairs, and remembers precisely in what manner they have disposed of their properties in their wills—a thing that laymen are exceedingly apt to forget. He has only to ring for his clerk, and in two minutes he can have any of their deeds, settlements, wills, or estate accounts placed on his writing-desk for immediate study; while the chances are that they are themselves unaware of the very existence of some of these instruments, and know very little about the others. Moreover, when he looks at a poor fellow who is struggling hard to keep a wife and large family on three hundred a year, he may know that in one of his tin boxes there is a will which will some day entitle that man, if he lives, to two hundred thousand pounds; and when he looks at another who imagines himself to be the sole heir to an immense property, he may wonder what his feelings would be if he were aware that the said property is to be divided equally between himself and his nine cousins. Then those who seek the advice of lawyers are obliged to be confidential, and lay open before them the whole state of their affairs, with everything that bears upon them either directly or indirectly. The consequence of this is that a shrewd lawyer has many opportunities of acquiring information. What one client tells him of his own affairs has often an indirect bearing upon those of others. This, of course, is much more the case in the country—where many of the neighbours are either related to each other or have adjoining properties, and have similar or conflicting interests in the same matters—than in large towns, where men do not know the names of the people who live next door to them, and where lawyers are frequently in utter ignorance of the family concerns of their clients.

Idle people proverbially consider themselves the busiest; and a country gentleman, when he has nothing else to do, always imagines that he has urgent business necessitating a visit to his solicitor. A horse is therefore put into a dog-cart, and he starts off with an air of great importance for the county town, in order to confer with his legal adviser. After passing through one or two ante-rooms, occupied by clerks penned up in things resembling old-fashioned family pews with glass cases at the top, he is ushered into the presence of the great man. An open tin box is placed beside the lawyer, on which the name of the Duke of Cambria is printed in large capitals. Maps of large estates are hung over chairs or are lying on the ground; there is a profusion of parchments on the table, which may fairly be assumed to be the title-deeds of immense landed properties; bundles of letters, doubtless representing transactions of untold magnitude, lie about in all directions; and there is a general atmosphere of "land and capital" about the chamber of the oracle. The client has scarcely seated himself before a clerk brings in a telegram, which the solicitor opens, glances at, and tosses carelessly on his table, as if he were in the habit of receiving telegraphic communications every five minutes. We are far from saying that the matters which bring clients to lawyers are not often of an important character; but it is certain that the amount of absolute business transacted between a country gentleman and his lawyer at a single consultation is not uncommonly much as follows. After the usual greetings, remarks about the weather, unbuttoning of gloves, finding places for hats, and taking off of greatcoats, the client asks his legal adviser whether he has yet heard from Mr. Brown. The lawyer then replies that he has not yet heard from Mr. Brown; that he has been expecting to hear from him every day; that he cannot believe any great length of time can elapse before he will hear from him; and that, if he should not receive any communication from him by a certain date, he will certainly write again to him. Having transacted this most urgent piece of business, the client considers himself fairly entitled to a little gossip. He inquires whether this is true, and whether that is true, whether there are any grounds for such and such a rumour, and whether his solicitor has heard so and so. The lawyer tells him as much as he thinks right, and gets as much information out of his visitor in return as he can. Some country gentlemen, when out of humour, go, or are sent by their wives, to their lawyers to be put into a good temper again. A successful lawyer is generally a master in the art of improving people's tempers. His clients may enter his sanctum with gloomy faces, but will often come out smiling. He will tell them of a blunder committed by their bitterest enemy; or he will inform them that one or two people have been making inquiries about their unlet farms. He will shake his head and look incredulous about the supposed unlimited wealth of the neighbour of whom they are jealous, and he will hint in a mysterious way at troubles that are in store for that provoking family which always appears prosperous and happy. He has some pleasant little bits of gossip about the unpopularity of the parson, and the "high doings" that go on at the iron chapel of ease in the early mornings. There is a report, he says, that the Jesuits are about to buy one of the largest houses in the neighbourhood, and he has heard that there has been a grand quarrel between two leading members of the United Methodists. He is generally very strong upon the underhand

doings of "those rascally dissenters," who, by the way, have an unholy habit of employing lawyers of their own. In most neighbourhoods there is an old maiden lady of eccentric habits, a gentleman of strongly pronounced religious opinions, a scapegrace on the verge of ruin, and a man with a hobby. Of each of these the lawyer has a pleasing anecdote. A lawyer often acts also as a sort of confessor and director to his clients. One will confess that he has lost his temper and insulted an acquaintance, and will want help in propitiating the injured person; another will accuse himself of having lost heavily on the turf, and will want to know how to raise money without the knowledge of his parents; this man will have made a foolish promise, from which he wishes to recede, and that man will have written a libellous letter, from the penalties of which he is naturally anxious to screen himself. Many clients will confess that they have been extravagant, and will seek to raise money on mortgage, while not a few will have exceeded their allowances and will require a temporary loan.

It is needless to say that lawyers' visitors are not exclusively of the male sex. Most country solicitors have aged female clients who constantly call on them. The primary objects of their visits are usually to make codicils to their wills, leaving five pounds to some other antediluvian, or to inquire whether their legal advisers can recommend any perfectly safe investment that will make a return of 15 per cent.—a rate of interest which they hear is obtained by a relative living in the Republic of Venezuela. The secondary object of their consultation is to find out whether that odious Miss Higginbottom is really going to be married to Dr. Goodenough, or whether Ghostly Manor has actually been let to an East-End pawnbroker. Country lawyers of eminence and experience can scarcely fail to notice the extraordinary amount of interest evinced by people of one class in the smallest details of the affairs of some other class with which they have no sort of intercourse. Not only do people of the middle class like to hear of the doings of their social superiors, but members of the aristocracy—especially the female members—like nothing better than to be told any scraps of petty gossip about the families of tradespeople and professional men. Old Lady Fibster visits her lawyer for three-quarters of an hour every week in order to hear everything that she can contrive to worm out of him about the private family matters, the scandals, the love-makings, and the squabbles of people whom she would on no consideration consent to visit or even recognize.

It must not be supposed that the time of a lawyer is entirely spent in agreeable conversation or entertaining gossip. He occupies a position of great responsibility, and his life is one of considerable anxiety and not a little drudgery. He has to wade through long wordy deeds and documents, which have a dangerously soporific tendency while they require most shrewd and careful attention. One dull, and to lay eyes meaningless, sentence, among many dreary pages of a deed or settlement, may at some time or other lead to a Chancery suit, if it escapes his notice. A conscientious solicitor, again, has much to bear from unprincipled clients, and it would be well that every one should know that it is not always the lawyer who is sharp and pettifogging. When within the law, he usually holds himself bound to demand the uttermost farthing if his clients desire it; and he often finds it exceedingly difficult to induce them to understand that in what they term "pure matters of business" honourable feeling and gentlemanlike conduct need have any place whatever. "I've got him fast!" is the benevolent expression which a client will sometimes rejoicingly use to describe the position in which he has succeeded in placing his fellow-creature, and nothing that the lawyer may then say will persuade him to show any pity or commiseration. When one man says or writes to another, "I shall place the matter in the hands of my solicitor," he too often means "I shall no longer act in this affair like a gentleman, but shall endeavour to take advantage of every quibble of the law that I can hear of to your detriment."

As regards the profits of solicitors, although still very large, they are small in comparison with what they were when the principal lines of railway were being projected in England. Gossiping clients are often surprised at the length of their lawyer's bills; but, if they like to employ a professional man to spend his time in chattering to them, it seems but reasonable that they should pay for it. It would be hard, indeed, if a country lawyer should not earn some profits when the wide nature of his functions is taken into consideration; for he has sometimes to serve in each of the following capacities—conveyancer, law-stationer, land-agent, secretary, book-keeper, news-vendor, political agent, money-lender, railway agent, banker, and electioneering agent. Nor must it be forgotten that another cheerful occupation has lately been discovered for him—namely, that of serving long terms of imprisonment in Her Majesty's gaols, when he has been executing what had hitherto been considered the recognized duties of a canvassing agent.

MODERN PREACHING.

MR. MAHAFFY is well known by his interesting book on *Social Life in Greece* and other kindred works. He has taken quite a new departure in a little volume just issued on the *Decay of Modern Preaching* (Macmillan and Co.), which is clever, and sensible in most of its criticisms and suggestions, though the subject does not give scope for saying much that is really new. Nor has the writer made the most of his oppor-

tunities, as is testified by an unfortunate and self-imposed limitation indicated in the second sentence of his very first page, where we are told that "the *Reformed side* of the Christian Church"—i.e. the various Protestant communities—"is agreed on the importance of this manner of propagating and confirming the faith." Yet he must surely be aware that at least as much importance is attached to preaching, in practice if not in theory, in the Roman as in the Reformed Churches, while far more systematic care has been bestowed on the training of preachers in the former than is usual in the Protestant Episcopal Churches, with which he is more immediately concerned. This omission is the more to be deplored because Mr. Mahaffy, as we need not remind those who know anything of his previous writings, is very far removed from the narrow type of somewhat Philistine Evangelicalism dominant just now in the Irish Disestablished Church—which indeed he treats throughout this volume as a serious impediment in his path—and shows a ready appreciation of the value of Roman Catholic experience in the matter, which is necessarily both wider and longer than the Reformed, in the very few cases where he refers to it. The following passage contains an excellent summary of the avoidable difficulties ordinarily thrown in the way of a modern English preacher, but there is hardly a single detail here specified which is allowed to restrict the liberty of foreign Catholic preachers. They have platforms or large pulpits where they can walk about and gesticulate, as much as Mr. Spurgeon, if they please; they are quite free to dispense with a text; they can, and often do, preach for an hour or more without offence, when the sermon is not tacked on to a service; and a popular preacher hardly ever hesitates about employing illustrative anecdotes—a practice which, by the way, we are rather surprised to find Mr. Mahaffy condemning as "ignorant and vulgar" in a later part of the volume. That surely depends wholly on the tact and judgment of the preacher in his use of it:—

Thus he is required, on fixed and very frequent occasions, however indisposed or empty he may feel as regards teaching, to ascend a narrow pulpit, where he has no power of movement or action. Indeed all action more violent than that of speaking very loud, or thumping the cushion before him, is prohibited, and even these symptoms of energy have come to be considered excessive and ill-bred. He is obliged to find a text of Scripture from which to draw his lessons, even though there be none exactly appropriate, and though he be forced to employ many quibbles and subtleties to graft on his discourse to the text. He is not to speak too loud or too low; he must not be too long or too short; if the former, he offends the worldly and idle, who only come to church from habit, and desire to escape as soon as may be convenient; if the latter, he annoys the serious and respectable people, who think that such brevity reflects on the importance of his subject. If he employs anecdotes and descends to particulars, in order to give colour to his sermon, he is thought familiar; if he keeps to dogma only, he is thought dry. In fact, every sort of departure from a fixed *norma*, a fixed way of speaking, a fixed way of thinking, is resented by some section of his congregation.

Other causes, however, besides these obvious ones, to state which is at once to suggest the remedy, partly inevitable but mostly preventable, have contributed to degrade the pulpit in our own day from the position it once held, and to accentuate the "harsh strictures or indifference or *enmity*" so frequently expressed by a congregation coming out of church. What Mr. Mahaffy calls "historical causes," such as the difficulty of giving a new interest to the proclamation of a religion eighteen centuries old, the growth of education, and the uneventful quietness of modern life which is rarely stirred by seasons of intense excitement, must of course be discounted, so to say; we may do something to meet the altered state of things, but the facts we cannot change. It is however, as he points out, quite a mistake to suppose that, even in the earliest ages, "the world was converted by a set of ignorant fishermen." Putting aside the aid of miracles, men like Paul and Apollos *e.g.* were "chosen vessels" in a secular as well as a spiritual sense; they were philosophers and rhetoricians, and St. John was certainly no ignorant fisherman when he penned the fourth Gospel. But it is more useful to dwell on the "social" and "personal" than on the "historical causes." For the "social uniformity which asserts its authority over the preacher more than Rubrics or Articles" is one main and wholly gratuitous hindrance to his efficiency. How indeed can he be effective, as long as he patiently "submits to the dictates of a society which cares not to be disturbed, which hates to be alarmed, and which desires little more from the pulpit than a confirmation of its prejudices?" Under such conditions St. Dominic or St. Francis, nay, St. Peter and St. Paul, would have discoursed to listless ears. On one social prejudice, the surviving "shadow of puritanism"—which, we may add, is habitually disregarded by Roman Catholic preachers—Mr. Mahaffy promptly puts his finger. "Above all, to be amusing is a great crime." We have heard a story of a lady who had been taken by a friend to hear a famous Jesuit preacher, and came away greatly shocked because, as she said, "she could hardly help laughing in church." "Well, my dear," was her friend's reply, which shocked her still more, "why didn't you? that was just what he meant you to do!" There is a good deal of force in another comment of the author's, to which he returns more than once in the course of his volume, but we doubt whether, as applied to those he is addressing, it is a very practical one. We are disposed ourselves to agree with him that "married life creates great difficulties and hindrances" to effective preaching, and indeed we have heard married preachers confess as much. It is true on the whole—and the remark comes with added weight from a critic who manifests no Catholic or celibate leanings—that "the course of history shows that the most eminently striking and suc-

cessful preachers have been celibate monks and anchorites, living apart from the world, assumed by the crowd from their ascetic life to be of exceptional sanctity, and flashing upon the people at intervals from their holy seclusion." The history of successful missions, and perhaps also the low level of preaching in the Eastern Church, would go far to confirm this view. But whatever may be said for the relative merits of a celibate or married priesthood, it is not likely that individual clergymen who can take their choice will be materially influenced in deciding on their way of life by its probable effects on their success in preaching. But Mr. Mahaffy's strong conviction that "the Roman Catholic law of celibacy is very profitable" for this purpose does lead him to offer a practical suggestion—which we should be a good deal surprised to see carried out in his own native communion—for maintaining "an Order of celibate preachers in the Reformed Churches." And if this cannot be managed, he suggests as a *pis aller* "an Order of itinerant preachers," who though having wives, may to their occasional and scattered audiences, who will know nothing of their personal foibles or family *désagréments*, be as though they had none. This last scheme has anyhow the advantage, if such it be, of high Nonconformist precedent. And we may add, though the proposal is by no means a novel one, that the propriety of some organization of special preachers is at once involved in the obvious admission that it is absurd to expect from any ordinary man, and still more from a hard-working parish priest, "two good sermons every week"; nor can any man fairly complain, while so unreasonable a demand is virtually enforced, if the victims of it "get into the habit of winding up as much theological commonplace as will keep going for twenty-five minutes." Unless they are men of exceptional zeal or power, what else are they to do?

Mr. Mahaffy strikes at the root, or at one main root, of the existing evil when he insists, in spite of many misapplied texts about the vanity of human knowledge and the like, that "want of brains is a capital defect, and no amount of moral excellence will make a stupid man a successful preacher." Preaching is not the sole or the most essential duty of a clergyman, and "throughout most of a minister's duties moral qualities are naturally far more appreciated." But for preaching well piety is not the sole nor even the most indispensable qualification. There is a story told in the life of St. Theresa—whose piety nobody will question, whatever one may think of her judgment—how she advised a disciple who consulted her to secure, if possible, a confessor both able and devout, but, if she was obliged to choose between the two, rather to select a man who was sensible but undevout than a pious simpleton. The same principle applies to preachers; "there have been, there are, and there will be, great and effective preachers who are not remarkable for piety," and just as "an honest and sensible though worldly man would make a better bishop than a simple and unintellectual man of the deepest piety," so it is with preachers also. And hence follows the absurdity of that omission to give any direct training for this part of the ministerial office, and notably "in *extempore* preaching," which Mr. Mahaffy rather too sweepingly charges on "our principal divinity schools among Protestants." There is always special instruction given and practice in preaching required of candidates for the ministry in the Scotch Kirk and, we believe, in English Dissenting Colleges, as is notoriously the case in Roman Catholic Seminaries, but such a discipline is unfortunately only conspicuous by its absence in the ordinary education of the Anglican clergy. And yet Mr. Mahaffy is unquestionably right in observing that the greatest speakers of the day, political or other, would readily confess that their successes have been in proportion to their preparation, and that even their most apparently inspired flights were generally the result of careful calculation. To call such appliances artificial in any bad sense of the word is to forget that the machinery by which a man can most effectively "force his own deepest convictions upon his hearers is not only defensible but strongly to be encouraged." But still worse than the want of rhetorical is "the want of that special theological training, in which the layman expects the preacher to be his superior." For, apart from all doctrinal differences, we quite agree with Mr. Mahaffy that every preacher who would be effective must do more than preach mere morals, and that as a matter of historical fact "the human race has hitherto been led, not by precept, but by dogma"; it was so in the apostolic age, and it has been so ever since. Not of course that moral preaching is useless or superfluous—far from it—but that it must be made accessory to dogmatic preaching, inasmuch as "it is dogma which rules the great changes in the religious thought of the world." And here we cannot but wish that the author had contented himself with laying down general principles without diverging into illustrations of what he calls "the orthodox" and "the heterodox extreme," which really amount to a discussion of what doctrines ought to be preached, not of the best manner of preaching them. He may or may not be right in his views, and in a professedly theological treatise he would have a perfect right to propound them, but they are wholly out of place in such a volume as the present. What doctrines "the majority of an educated congregation" have come to consider "a sort of obsolete appendix to their creed"; whether it is "anachronistic," and therefore wrong, to insist on the Evangelical theory of the Atonement or the Calvinistic theory of Election; whether it is a mistake to preach "the doctrine of *Eternal* punishment" (the italics are the writer's) but quite proper to preach "future punishment generally"—these and the like questions are indeed of very high religious importance, precisely because they touch on fundamental

points of religious belief, but it is almost as irrelevant to introduce them into a disquisition on the most effective manner of preaching as it would be to inquire whether Christianity or Mahometanism is the most effective religion for treatment in the pulpit. Every preacher worth his salt must have made up his mind on such high matters before he undertakes the responsible office of teaching others, and his opinion will be of exceedingly small interest to anybody but himself unless it is based on better grounds than a comparative estimate of the value of rival doctrines for giving pungency to his pulpit eloquence. On matters of such grave import it is surely the merest truism to say that the preacher is bound to enforce on his hearers what he himself believes to be the truth, whether it does or does not happen to accord with their sense of what is "anachronistic" or in "good taste."

The remedies suggested for the present decline of the power of the pulpit may be inferred from what has been said of its causes, and most of them have already been noticed. The grand defect of modern preaching—by which Mr. Mahaffy chiefly means that of the Episcopal, and especially of the Irish Episcopal Church—being that "it is purely an amateur performance," the obvious remedy is to provide the needful preparation, both general and particular, for making it a success. The complaint that "our preachers, as a body, are below even the average in intellect," refers primarily, no doubt, to the existing state of things in Ireland, where the ablest of the disestablished Bishops are wont sorrowfully to confess that, while the average graduate of Dublin is inferior to the average graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, the majority of their ordination candidates are not even graduates at all. But still the writer's criticism has a wider than purely Irish application, and the lack either of a liberal education to begin with, or of the theological learning which should be superinduced upon it, cannot fail to betray itself in the pulpit. On the other hand, there is a characteristic shrewdness in the author's remark—which does not quite accord with his previous advice to avoid unpopular doctrines—that "the so-called safe men in a Church are among the surest causes of its decay," for "the avoidance of extremes tones down everything into a sombre mediocrity." It is often argued or implied that earnestness is the sole requisite, that learning or studied eloquence is almost or altogether an actual disqualification, for preaching the Gospel to the poor. This common but transparent fallacy is well exposed by Mr. Mahaffy:—

It may perhaps be argued that when good effects are only anticipated among ignorant people of the lower classes, such a limitation cuts away from the ground from the advocates of higher training in the clergy. It may be said, Of what use is special training to these people, who do not know the difference between good and bad rhetoric, who can only understand the plainest and simplest language? I will conclude by once more exposing this serious blunder. Ignorant people may not be able to explain the difference between good and bad rhetoric; they feel it more keenly than their betters; they are more easily and violently affected by a real orator; they are as easily disgusted by incompetence. Nowhere are the arts of eloquence so necessary and so telling as with the vulgar crowd. And if it be true that they want and understand only simple words and plain speaking, I repeat once more that to rival nature in art implies a very high stage of perfection; and that to avoid artificiality, cant, mannerism, extravagance, tediousness, is given, not to the ignorant amateur, but to the best and most thorough artist.

PRÉSENCE AT PRIZE-FIGHTS.

IT was a curious case which lately arose out of one of the so-called prize-fights which still take place every now and then; and the comparatively few remaining professors of the art of boxing who, like Donnelly, keep up and cherish the true science of the practically defunct P.R., may regret that eleven Judges of a Superior Court should have had to take so much trouble over a matter arising from what in their eyes must seem so mean a thing. There was a fight—described as a prize-fight, although there was no direct evidence that it was for money or reward—in June last, after Ascot Races. Two men were fighting inside a ring arranged in the orthodox fashion, and there was a crowd of some hundred people looking on, and some of them betting on the result. "The evidence," to quote the *Times*' report, "was that Coney and another of the prisoners were in the crowd which surrounded the ring. They were not, however, speaking, and were not seen to be betting or taking any part in the fight; and there had been a rumour of a race. One of the witnesses said that the crowd was so closely packed that it would not have been possible for Coney to get out, even if he had tried, when he was seen hemmed in. It was contended on the part of the prisoners that there was no evidence of a prize-fight, or, even if there was, that they were aiding or abetting it, or in any way encouraging it." The Chairman of the Berkshire Sessions, before whom the case was originally heard, directed the jury that it was for them to determine whether it was a prize-fight; pointed out that all persons who go to a prize-fight to see the combatants strike each other, and who are present when they do so, are in law guilty of an assault, adding a quotation from Mr. Justice Littledale in *The Queen v. Murphy*:—"If they were not casually passing by, but stayed at the place, they encouraged it by their presence, though they did not do or say anything." Coney and the other two prisoners were on this convicted, the jury appending a rider to their verdict that it was in consequence of the Chairman's direction in law, as they found that the prisoners were not aiding or abetting. The question—whether the direction was right, and whether "the merely being present at a fight (unless casually or accidentally), or being intentionally present for the sake of seeing the fight, is in law aiding and

abetting in the offence of fighting"—was argued first before a Court of five Judges, and afterwards, at Lord Coleridge's instance, before a fuller Court, constituted of Lord Coleridge, Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Baron Pollock, Mr. Justice Hawkins, Mr. Baron Huddleston, Mr. Justice Stephen, Mr. Justice Manisty, Mr. Justice Lopes, Mr. Justice North, Mr. Justice Mathew, and Mr. Justice Cave. By this Court the question was decided in favour of the prisoners by a majority of eight to three.

As it was Lord Coleridge who had desired this second argument of the case, it may be well to take his opinion first, although it was delivered last. He thought that the conviction was right, and that the only question was whether the direction was correct, and he thought it was. As to the illegality of the fight itself, that was too clear for argument. The real question reserved by the Chairman was whether persons present for the purpose of seeing the fight were guilty of aiding and abetting, and he thought they were. He was of opinion that the presence of voluntary spectators who went to see a fight, and stayed to see it, warranted the judge in directing the jury that this presence was aiding and abetting. "It was not denied that there were rulings of great judges which supported that direction; but it was said that they were *dicta* of single judges, and some of them were *obiter* or on different facts. But the criminal law was built up on the *dicta* of single judges, and in such cases as this it was the spectators who made the fight." This seems, if we may venture to say so, a little odd. On the assumption with which Lord Coleridge started, that the fight was a prize-fight, it may be taken for granted that the fight would have taken place whether there had been a hundred spectators or only the ring-keepers, between whom and the mere spectators Lord Coleridge went on to say that he could not draw any difference as regarded culpability. "The brutalizing effects of prize-fights," Lord Coleridge is reported to have said, "were mainly due to the crowds who were present at them, and if he found *dicta* of great judges that such presence was aiding and abetting, he would uphold such *dicta*." This, as it seems to us, opens up something more than the point of law which the eleven Judges had met together to determine. There are probably a good many people still living who think that the brutalizing effects of prize-fights, whether due or not to the crowds assembled to witness them, were somewhat less violent than Lord Coleridge thinks. Without for a moment defending the practice of prize-fighting, a practice on the face of it brutal enough, it may be questioned, with some show of reason, whether its abolition has led to any very splendid results. It may be that brutality of a far more savage kind than that which is confined to the use of the fists was as rampant in the "palmy days" of the P.R. as it is now; but it is at least certain that in those days the revolver had not become the pest that it now is; and it may be doubted whether the now hideously common incident of an indifferent crowd looking on at a dangerous assault or a determined attempt at murder or suicide was in those days quite as common as it is now. In one way the suggestions which might be thus put forward might tell in favour of Lord Coleridge's view of this particular case, inasmuch as a voluntary onlooker at a struggle inspired by malice, and not by the hope of money or reward, would seem to be more guilty than a spectator moved by curiosity to witness what, from the combatants' point of view, is nothing more than a fair trial of skill at a game with carefully settled rules and observances. On the other hand, Lord Coleridge did not, as it seemed, take into account the matters which weighed with some of the Judges whose opinions were opposed to his own. The evidence, as Mr. Justice Cave observed, was that the prisoners "were in the crowd, but were not shown to have said or done anything." What the jury must have understood from the direction of the Chairman of the Berkshire Sessions was that any person in the crowd looking on was guilty of an assault. "The case was quite consistent with the prisoners having been labourers passing by, and casually attracted by the crowd." And supposing that this had been actually the state of the case, it would surely, to use an Americanism, have been "rough" on the prisoners that they should have been convicted of aiding and abetting. It is the natural desire of the loafer to see what it is that attracts a crowd, and when he has made his way far enough into a crowd to find this out, he may discover that it is even less easy to get out than it has been to get in. Against this it may be suggested that the presumption of law has hitherto been supposed to be, speaking generally, that the spectators of a prize-fight were *participes criminis*. That a person really involved in the crowd, by accident or by an unwise curiosity, should be held to have aided and abetted, and should be punished for having so aided and abetted, would no doubt be a hardship. But, again, it would surely be a failure of justice if a person attracted in the first instance by curiosity, but remaining to enjoy deliberately the spectacle of a prize-fight after he had discovered the nature of the entertainment provided, should be ruled to be guiltless.

Without wishing to criticize the decision in the present case, we may observe that it is, on the whole, satisfactory to find a growing tendency to allow persons who are on their defence to go behind "presumptions of law." This was somewhat strikingly shown some years ago in the case of two patentees of roller skates. The defendant in this action, attacking the plaintiff's patent on the ground of want of novelty, alleged that the plaintiff's invention had been fully described in a foreign journal, which had been deposited before the date of the plaintiff's patent in an English public library. This, not many years ago, might have been sufficient to invalidate

the plaintiff's patent; but the Court on this occasion allowed the plaintiff to prove that the journal referred to had never been read by any person within the realm before the date of the plaintiff's patent. It is amusing to contrast this with the well-known former case, in which the mere affixing of a new form of lock to a garden door and leaving it there affixed was held to be such prior publication as would invalidate a patent. It might, in the case of *The Queen v. Coney*, have been difficult to carry this point any further than Mr. Justice Cave's opinion did carry it. "Mere presence at the fight," he said, "did not amount to encouragement or participation so as to make the spectator guilty in the second degree. . . . Mere presence was not necessarily aiding and abetting." "Necessarily" it pretty clearly is not aiding and abetting; but it may be thought that it should lie with the accused person to prove that his presence was essentially involuntary, as much as it now does lie with a person found in the possession of stolen goods soon after they have been stolen to prove his innocent reception of them as against the presumption of guilt. Referring to the case already spoken of—*The Queen v. Murphy*—Mr. Justice Cave observed that "in that case the prisoner, one of the seconds, was indicted for manslaughter, and though Mr. Justice Littleton laid it down that all present at the fight and encouraging it were, if death ensued, guilty of manslaughter, it was ambiguous and capable of being explained in a sense consistent with the view he now presented." We confess that the ambiguity of what Mr. Justice Littleton said is less patent to us than it seems to have been to Mr. Justice Cave; and with a view of completing something like a brief summary of the opinions of the Judges on this curious case, we may contrast with the views of Mr. Justice Cave, which were shared by the majority, those put forward by Mr. Baron Pollock, who was in the minority. The rulings, Mr. Baron Pollock held, of the Judges who had pronounced mere presence at a fight for the purpose of seeing it, to amount to aiding and abetting, were based "on common sense and the experience of mankind. There were cases in which persons might be present innocently; but there was no evidence of it in the present case. The direction was adequate with reference to the particular case, and was correct. The finding of the jury was that the prisoners were not aiding and abetting, but that merely excluded other aiding and abetting than that involved in the voluntary presence, and merely meant that the prisoners were not taking any active part in the fight." It is precisely the want of evidence as to innocent presence which, as it strikes us, may be thought an unsatisfactory feature in this case. It is perhaps as well, as we have said, that a person on his defence should be allowed to go behind a presumption in law; but, as far as can be judged from the reports of the case under consideration, no conclusive proof of really innocent presence was brought forward on behalf of the accused. They might, no doubt, have been innocently present, and, if so, it would have seemed an act of injustice to punish them; while in any case—and this consideration may possibly have had its effect—it might have been hard on them to make them the scapegoats of a large crowd. But the fact remains that the innocence of their presence was, so far as can be seen, presumed rather than proved; and it is not impossible that the judgment in *The Queen v. Coney* may give rise to some curious difficulties so long as the hoped-for Code is still only hoped for.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH OFFICER.

THE British officer has fallen upon troublous times. He is suffering, and is about to suffer more, from excess of paternal legislation. He has seen the gales of reform expend their fury upon the soldier, and now he has received a warning that a disturbance, likely to develop considerable energy, will shortly descend upon the coasts where he has long lived in peace and happiness. Already the first low mutterings of the approaching storm have made themselves heard, and all is anxiety and apprehension. A general feeling of mistrust prevails. No man can tell what to-morrow may bring forth. The Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest in the shape of promotion by pure selection has been openly promulgated. A rumour has gone forth that the officer's "long periods of leave" are to be curtailed, and that his numerous "hours of idleness" are to be abandoned. Henceforth he is to spend the early portion of his career in active and earnest preparation for a position which, in all probability, he will never be allowed to fill, and the latter portion in pleasing speculation as to the precise moment when he will be turned adrift, and the exact amount of pension which it may please a grateful country to bestow upon him. The position of the British officer is becoming somewhat similar to that of the Israelites in Egypt. They were expected to make bricks, but no straw was forthcoming. He is expected to devote the whole of his time to professional exercises and studies, but no men are forthcoming. Given a regiment composed of about equal parts of officers and recruits, half of which latter are absent on detachment, while the other half are not dismissed drill, and the result is hardly favourable to the attainment of practical experience in the art of handling men. The school of musketry, the garrison class, the gymnasium, the signalling, the field works, are all doubtless useful and necessary, but not so necessary as the actual practice which the constant command and leading of men afford. At present there are no men to lead, and there is no ground available over

which they could be exercised. Under these circumstances, it is not easy to see how the officer is to fill up his spare time, for he cannot always be devoting himself to theoretical study. Still, where there is a will there is a way, and the officer of the future will not allow such trifles to deter him from improving the shining hours. Should all other resources fail, he can always obtain healthy exercise, and inure himself to the fatigue of marching by shouldering a rifle and taking part in the defaulters' drill; while occasional participation in the weekly coal-carrying fatigue will prove undoubtedly useful, if not exactly ornamental. On all sides is heard the remark that the service is not what it was, and that Heaven and the Horse Guards only know what it is going to be. The stations of the British army appear to be slowly, but surely, dwindling down to two—India and Ireland; both doubtless highly-favoured spots, but both liable to become a trifle monotonous after a time. Another burden of modern military life which sits heavily on the soul of the British officer is the passing away of the old-fashioned stability and repose which once characterized it, and the hurry-scurry which is replacing it. A regiment now resembles a London railway terminus; half of those present have just arrived, while the other half are rushing out. This, of course, is progress; only the pace has become somewhat severe of late.

But, sad as all this is, there is yet worse in store. The time-honoured institution of the mess has had violent and sacrilegious hands laid upon it. Mess bills have been dragged into the fierce light of official day, returns have been ruthlessly called for, and rigid economy and Spartan simplicity are to be the order of the day. The fiat has gone forth, the handwriting is on the wall of the mess-room, and four shillings per diem is in future to be the maximum amount which the British officer is allowed to expend on his food. Allowing one shilling for breakfast, a similar sum for lunch, and what remains for the once comfortable and luxurious mess dinner? Two shillings, and nothing more. The question of what to eat, drink, and avoid will henceforth possess a fearful significance for the British officer, who will be called to severe account if he does not confine himself to the prescribed limits. Official encouragement and support will of course be given to these praiseworthy efforts at economy. A General Order will shortly appear, abolishing such expressions as "menu" or "bill of fare," the more appropriate and euphonious term "ration return" being substituted. General officers making their annual inspections are in future to note and report any cases of undue corpulence, especially among the field officers, the names of such offenders being forwarded to higher authority with a view to their disqualification for further promotion. They need not however despair, for justice is ever tempered with mercy, and the Queen's Regulations expressly provide that, "if reported for reasons which may be removed by amendment, they will be cautioned, and when more favourably reported upon, their claims may be reconsidered." After all, example is better than precept, and no doubt a good example will be set even in the highest quarters. No nobler instance of self-sacrifice on the altar of duty, or self-abnegation in the cause of military reform, can be imagined than an excellent and illustrious officer of exalted rank concluding a severe and searching inspection by sitting down as a guest to a dinner at the regulation price of two shillings, or possibly, in honour of the occasion, two and twopence, washed down with ginger-beer or zoedone, yet preserving his habitual blandness and urbanity of demeanour during the trying ordeal, and concluding, not with the luxurious cigar, but with a long churchwarden pipe filled with that humble description of the fragrant weed suggestively known as "returns." Nor can there be any doubt that such an example will be worthily followed. British officers have dared even greater perils, and have endured even greater privations at their country's call, and so long as such sacrifices are cheerfully made, he would be a rash man who would venture to deny that there is a great future in store for our army. The sacrifice may indeed be great, and the path of duty difficult and thorny; but the more we reflect upon the circumstances of the case, the more apparent does the necessity for the step become. It is evident that, in proportion as the mind of the officer is filled and nourished, so will his body require less care and less sustenance. From the officer to the private is but a step; the example will spread, eating will gradually go out of fashion, and the "thin red line" will grow thinner and thinner, until it reaches such a remarkable pitch of attenuation that, corporeally speaking, there will be hardly any of it left. Let us hope that a superabundance of martial spirit will amply atone for the deficiencies of the flesh.

What is to become of the British officer under the new régime? It is hard to say. The field of conjecture opened up by the inquiry is so vast that we can hardly enter upon it now. Is he to become an ordinary working member of an ordinary working profession? It would almost appear so. But whatever his future may be, he can at least exclaim "*Fuimus Troes*"—he has lived in the past. He has been an element in society. He has been envied by men, sought after and petted by women, admired by the foreigner, and a favourite with all. Although he has fallen from his high estate, there will be many to stand around the social grave to which he has been consigned, and mourn for him as for a brother. With a deep sigh the tradesman will reverently close and consign to its shelf the portly ledger in which prominently figured the British officer, a customer who ordered often, paid sometimes, and was ever ready to forgive the past and open a fresh account. With loud and bitter lamentations, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts will miss him at the hitherto accustomed

periods, of leave from the family circle, from the party, the ball, and the picnic. There yet remains one in comparison with whose bereavement that of all others sinks into utter insignificance, and before whom we can only stand in mute and mournful sympathy. The regulation three-volume lady novelist, how will she bear the loss of her favourite hero? How can she ever bring herself to believe that he is indeed gone, and that his place in her pages will know him no more? But, like others, she must bow before the inevitable and the inscrutable, and must provide herself with a substitute. Far be it from us to speculate on what that substitute may be; but it will, for purposes of romance, be but a poor imitation of the original. Take away from the British officer his leave, and practically remove his mess dinner, and what is there left? Nothing, absolutely nothing; he is but a derelict, a wreck stranded by the billows of reform on the bleak and inhospitable shores of progress.

Here we must leave this painful subject. We respectfully drop a tear over the past of the British officer—bright with many happy reminiscences of conviviality, good fellowship, and withal of good service; we drop another over his anxious and troubled present; and were it not contrary to all established precedent, we would drop a third over his dark and gloomy future.

THE THEATRES.

MR. TOOLE has followed the preliminary performances of *Paul Pry* at his theatre—Toole's Theatre as it is now called—by producing a new "farceful piece" by Mr. Byron called *Auntie*. The theatre, which it will be remembered was lately known as the Folly, has been immensely improved in the matters of room, comfort, and decoration. In the old days there was always, or almost always, a certain amount of stuffiness to be encountered, which sometimes was so obtrusive as to become a nuisance, and seriously to interfere with one's enjoyment. This has now fortunately been got rid of, and the theatre has been made as pleasant to be in as it is pretty to look at. The "farceful piece," as Mr. Byron, rejecting the incongruous title of farcical comedy, wisely calls his play, is capitally suited to the theatre and to the company. The plot is agreeably impossible, and, though slight enough, is sufficiently full of incident without ever being incoherent; and the dialogue, which has a pleasing flavour, hitherto unobserved in Mr. Byron's work, of Mr. Maddison Morton's farce dialogue, is to the point, and is full of happy hits, which are well given by all the players. Indeed, the piece has hardly an unamusing moment. The nature of its tendency and incidents may perhaps be inferred to a considerable extent from its title. "*Auntie*" is, of course, a kind of replica, under a varied name, of the mother-in-law of comedy, farce, and fiction, of whom Mrs. Gashleigh, in *A Little Dinner at Timmins's*, is an admirable type. In Mr. Byron's new piece she appears under the appropriate name of Mrs. Dragoonier, who has quartered herself upon her niece's husband, Mr. Benjamin Bunny, of Upper Norwood. To match this affliction of Bunny's, we have his neighbour, Major-General Mogador, oppressed in a like manner by the constant presence of his brother-in-law, Charles Loafington. The first act ends with an open declaration of rebellion against the tyranny of "*Auntie*" in the matter of a summer excursion by the two neighbours, aided and abetted by Loafington, who sees his account in sticking to them. In the second act we renew our acquaintance with the pleasant scenic arrangement which permits us to see into two rooms at once. On one side of the partition are naturally the rebels, and on the other "*Auntie*" and the two wives whom she has carried off with her. On the rebels' side is also an eccentrically impudent Margate landlord named Snorum, a personage who is capitally played by Mr. E. W. Garden. There is a scene between him and Mr. Toole as Bunny, which is marked by its humour in the midst of a play full of humorous things. Snorum turns out to be "*Auntie's*" husband, and this seems likely to interfere with the ingenious plan devised by Bunny and Mogador for marrying Loafington to Mrs. Dragoonier, and so getting rid at once of the two household nightmares. But Mr. Byron is fully equal to getting rid in the third act of the difficulties which he raises in the second, and the piece ends just as a piece of the sort should end. The play is furthermore of exactly the right length, and is unusually well acted. Mr. Toole is, as a matter of course, particularly happy in Bunny, Miss Emily Thorne is capital as Mrs. Dragoonier, Miss Winifred Emery lends a welcome touch of grace to the piece by her performance of Mrs. Bunny, and Miss Eliza Johnstone has a very good little bit of acting as the cook in the third act. Mr. Garden is, as we have said, excellent as Snorum, and Mr. E. D. Ward is especially to be commended for sinking with complete success his own identity in that of the seedy, raffish, impudent Loafington. The play is preceded by Mr. Pinner's one-act piece, *Hester's Mystery*.

A piece like *Auntie* is to our taste rendered rather more than less attractive by the fact that there is no straining after novelty of combinations in it; that the author, being thoroughly practised in stage craft, has been content to take simple enough material, and to devote himself to so arranging it as to keep his audiences amused—a task in which he certainly succeeds. In a certain way the same thing may be said of Messrs. Conquest and Merritt's melodrama *Mankind*, now being played at the Globe Theatre. The authors have not troubled their heads about probabilities or niceties of character, or any such clogs to invention, but have gone boldly to work to produce a good tearing melodrama, which,

although it is in seven acts, is not a scene too long. There is something magnificent in the lavish use of material. Any one of the acts might serve as a basis for a novel by M. Fortuné de Boisgobey, and even Bouchard himself could hardly have rivalled the ingenious and unexpected twists and turns of the plot or plots from scene to scene. In the matter of construction, indeed, *Mankind* may be thought superior to most of the plays which used to be so popular on the Boulevard du Crime, and it has for English audiences the merit of not being overburdened with long tirades. The virtuous hero has his say from time to time; but his speeches, though highly effective, are always of a becoming brevity, and the constant bustling action of the piece never flags. It is hardly necessary to say that the characters are all painted with a good fat brush. The villains, indeed, are perhaps the greatest "winners," to borrow the Marchioness's phrase, that have been seen upon the stage for some time past, and it is sometimes difficult to account for the extent of their attempted or successful villainies, except by the reflection that it is their business to be as villainous as they possibly can be within the limits of seven acts full of surprising incidents. But the authors have not troubled themselves with analysis of motive, and the spectators are not likely to stop to do so. To give anything like a summary of the plot of a piece which really contains material enough for half a dozen pieces would perhaps be neither easy nor desirable. Given, however, a heroine deserted by a villainous husband who has hidden her child, and who attempts to murder his wife in order that he may make a rich marriage; a hero who is at hand to rescue her, and who has reasons of his own for wishing to unmask the villain; a mysterious will, which all the villains wish to get hold of; a pair of wicked money-lenders, who are always trying to outwit each other; a brutal street showman, who carries about with him a little girl of unknown parentage who has been handed over to him by a wicked lodging-house keeper; a good-hearted costermonger, and his good-hearted wife; a wicked friend of the wicked husband, who is led to see the error of his ways; and any amount of incident arising from side issues—of these materials the curious in such matters may try to imagine what use is made during seven short acts in which the action and interest never flag, and in which there is a fitting infusion of comic business. For neatness of comic situation the scene in which three of the villains meet, each thinking that he has outwitted the others in the matter of the will already referred to, is particularly good. The play is well mounted; and that no pains have been spared to give it an effective cast may be guessed from the fact that Miss Litton and Mr. Kyrie Bellew have been engaged to play the heroine and hero. The acting of Miss Harriet Claremont as the costermonger's wife, of Mr. Wilton as the costermonger, and of Miss Lizzie Claremont as the lodging-house keeper, is also noteworthy. But the most remarkable piece of acting in the play—indeed, one of the most remarkable pieces of acting we have seen for a long time—is given by Mr. Conquest. He plays one of the money-lenders, a certain Daniel Groodger, who gives himself out, for reasons which we have not been able to discover, as being over a hundred years old. In all the early scenes of the play his acting is cleverly grotesque and telling; but it is in the last act but one that he makes his mark. He accidentally overhears his partner and his partner's son plotting to poison him, and also hears his partner boasting of having frequently cheated him. He makes his way unobserved from the room, and presently re-entering finds his partner Sharpley alone. Then he makes an excuse for borrowing Sharpley's silk handkerchief, and, under cover of breaking up the partnership, induces Sharpley to write and sign a document so worded that it might be read as a confession of suicide. Having got him to do this, he throws the handkerchief round his neck from behind, and strangles him. It is obvious that the most powerful acting is needed to support the introduction of such a scene; and Mr. Conquest's acting is fully equal to the demand made upon it. While he overhears the plot there is a curious combination of grotesqueness and passion in his byplay. When he is alone with Sharpley his fidgeting with the handkerchief and his sidelong looks at his partner recall the descriptions of Frédéric's somewhat similar scene with the bludgeon in *Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur*; and as he stands behind Sharpley's chair watching him and dictating to him the grotesque figure assumes a horrible kind of dignity. So when he realizes what he has done, and when, having hastily dragged a table forward to conceal Sharpley's body, he tells young Sharpley, who enters, that his father has gone out, the player's combined power and art are surprising, inasmuch as the earlier scenes have given no indication of his strength, and might make a worse play of its sort than *Mankind* worth seeing if only for this one striking performance.

REVIEWS.

EBERS'S EGYPT.*

BOOKS on Egypt have been so plentiful of late years that the appearance of a new work on the same subject is not necessarily to be hailed with satisfaction. But Herr Ebers has contrived

* *Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque.* By G. Ebers. Translated from the original German by Clara Bell. With an Introduction and Notes by S. Birch, D.C.L., &c. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

to give the present volume a character of its own. It cannot be said to belong to either of the two classes into which such works may generally be divided. We have had learned works by learned writers on the history, religion, and art of ancient Egypt, and of the numerous Mohammedan dynasties which have reigned at Cairo. We have also had far too many works, not learned, by writers often extremely ignorant, dealing with various matters which have chanced to come under their not very keen observation in the course of a three months' tour. When so much remains to be done for Egyptology, and so many new discoveries are being made year by year, it is no wonder that those whose knowledge qualifies them to speak on the subject devote themselves for the most part to research, and make little effort to render their subject popular, or to explain to the public at large the connexion between the history of Egypt and the ancient monuments still in existence. There is, therefore, every reason to be grateful to Herr Ebers for undertaking the work. His long and intimate acquaintance with the country makes his descriptions differ widely from the superficial sketches which it is generally one's fate to read; while his knowledge of the history both of the Pharaohs and of Mohammedan Egypt is more than sufficient for the purposes of a popular book such as the present. The arrangement of his work is in some respects very good. It is especially comforting to find the art, and, above all, the architecture, of each period closely associated with its history, instead of being described separately. In the chapters dealing with Cairo, which compose almost half of the present volume, and are decidedly the most valuable part of it, this excellence of arrangement is most conspicuous. The history of the town, from the foundation of Fostat by Amroo until the conquest of Egypt by the Turks in 1517, is clearly traced without any unnecessary details; the Cairo of to-day is always kept in view, but seldom made too prominent; while the mosques and other monuments of the more prominent Khalifs and Sultans are fully and accurately described. The present condition of each building is also given, and with the aid of the illustrations, which, so far as architecture is concerned, are for the most part excellent, the untravelled Englishman may now form some true conception of what Cairo is, and of the rulers who made it. Thus the mosques of Amroo and Tooloon are given as examples of the earlier Arab architecture, and in the illustrations we have not merely a general view of these most interesting buildings, but many details of construction and design which are of the greatest value, being for the most part well chosen and carefully executed. The history of this period is very clearly explained, and due prominence is given to the part taken by the Coptic Christians in helping the Arab invaders against the Orthodox Greeks. The chapter on the Fatimites is rather less satisfactory. We do not quite understand why Herr Ebers postpones all consideration of the University and mosque of El Azhar. Even if it were more convenient to leave its later development to a subsequent chapter, surely some account of the original foundation might well be given in its proper context, especially as so few monuments of the Fatimite dynasty are now extant. Nor do we understand why the scanty architectural remains of this period should be eked out in the illustrations by details from the mosque of Ezbek, which belongs to the fifteenth century. The two great gates of this period, the Bab en-Nasr and the Bab el-Fotooh, are very well drawn; so, too, is the view of the citadel which is given in connexion with the Eyobide dynasty, though here Herr Ebers has not been careful to explain that the mosque, which is the most conspicuous feature of the citadel, was only added in the present century by the dynasty now reigning. When we reach the period of the Mamelook Sultans, the monuments are, of course, more plentiful. Excellent descriptions and illustrations are given of the hospital and the mosque of Kalaon, together with an interesting account of the curious ceremonies performed by women in this mosque. It is not easy for Europeans to witness these ceremonies, and we are told that they are here described for the first time. We certainly do not remember having read any previous account of them. The mosque of Hassan is fully treated, and many designs from it are given, among them the beautiful frieze and the ornament of the headpiece of one of the doors. The mosque-tomb of Kait Bey forms a fitting conclusion to this period. Within twenty years of the death of the Sultan who raised it came the Ottoman conquest, when native art and native industry died away. We have already expressed an opinion that the chapters on Cairo are the best in the book; but we must regret that Herr Ebers both here and elsewhere too often turns aside to pay fulsome and utterly undeserved compliments to the reigning dynasty. It is ridiculous, and almost criminal, to speak of Ismail as "this man whose prudence, industry, energy, and unprejudiced judgment raised the outward dignity and internal prosperity of his country in a wonderful degree." It is at least equally absurd to call the group of miserable hovels in which the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world is precariously housed "a magnificent museum." It is the duty of every writer who has occasion to refer to this wretched and insecure building to enter his protest—the Egyptologist's *Delenda est Carthago*.

Of the earlier portion of the book we cannot speak quite so favourably. It contains much interesting historical matter, a good account is given of the monuments, and the general aspect of the country and its inhabitants is well described; but we have too many of those commonplace observations and reflections which might very well be left to ordinary books of travel, and a great deal of "fine writing" which, however well it may sound in the

original German, has not a good effect in a translation. Moreover, Herr Ebers has thought it advisable to treat the various parts of his subject, not in historical, but in geographical order. This arrangement is no doubt due to the essentially popular character of the work, but it does away with all continuity, and so renders this part of the book infinitely less valuable than the chapters on Cairo, in which the history of Mohammedan rule in Egypt is consecutively worked out. The size of the volume forbids us to suppose that the author intends it to replace the handbooks of Murray and Baedeker, yet on no other supposition does it seem necessary to deal with each object of interest in the order in which it presents itself to the notice of the traveller. Even the much-abused "general reader" would surely prefer that such a guide as Herr Ebers should leave the well-worn tracks of tourist authors, and take an independent line of his own. However, his plan will no doubt commend itself to those whose object in reading is the indulgence of a mild curiosity. The first chapter contains an account of ancient Alexandria; the history of the city under the Ptolemies and the Roman rule is sketched, and the manners and customs of the place are happily illustrated by the fifteenth idyl of Theocritus. Herr Ebers adopts the opinion that Cleopatra was in Rome at the time of Caesar's assassination. However probable this supposition may be, it can scarcely be said to be absolutely proved, and therefore her presence should not be stated as a fact without any qualification whatever. The chapter on modern Alexandria is good, and the Delta is exceedingly well described. There is also an account of the fair at Tantah, a most interesting town which is seldom visited by tourists; the shrine of Ahmed-el-Bedawee is the most sacred in Egypt, and Herr Ebers tells us that this is the only place in the Nile valley where he has been exposed to any danger at the hands of fanatics. It is impossible to enter the mosque except under strong protection. After a chapter on Goshen, which contains a description of Lake Menzaleh and of the ruins of Tanis, as well as some information about those mysterious kings the Hyksos, we come to Memphis and the Pyramids. Here as elsewhere in the book the reader has good cause to complain of the careless way in which this English translation has been edited. We have no desire to enter into a discussion on the transliteration of Egyptian and Arab names; in a popular work the question need not arise. But we may fairly expect that any system which is adopted should be adhered to throughout. This has not been done in the present instance. The unlearned reader who looks in the table of contents (there is no index) for anything he may want will be puzzled to verify the references given when he turns to the body of the work. In the text the spelling of names has been altered to suit English pronunciation to some extent; but in the table of contents the words have been left, we suppose, as Herr Ebers wrote them. Thus in the text we find Mitrabeeneh (why not Mitrabehy?) and Bedrasheyn; in the table of contents Mitrabine and Bedraschen. Mastaba Fa'run in the one becomes Mastabat-el-Faraoun in the other. The names of Mohammedan worthies fare no better. The ill-fated defender of Cairo against the Turks is first called Terman Bey, and then Tuman Bey. Similar instances may be found by the dozen, and general perversity in the matter of spelling seems to characterize the English editor. Why should Zagazig, the name of a well-known town and railway-station, be written Zakazeek? The time-honoured blunder of using "Bedaween" in the singular number also occurs.

The pyramids and tombs of the great cemetery of Memphis are well described, and there is a sufficient account of the religion of the people who built them. We have rather too much of the commonplace of Egyptian travel, and of the usual reflections, moral and other, of tourists; but probably Germany is not so rich in tourist literature as our more favoured country. In writing of the ascent of the pyramid of Cheops Herr Ebers says:—"The Bedaween have left us; we are alone on the summit. All is still; not a sound reaches us from far or near." If this is to be taken as a statement of fact, and not as a figure of rhetoric, Herr Ebers has been peculiarly fortunate. Our own experience of pyramid ascents goes to prove that there is even less chance of solitude and silence at the top of the Great Pyramid than anywhere else at Ghizeh, which is saying a great deal. In the historical part of his work Herr Ebers follows, for the most part, the authority of Herr Brugsch, and, like him, is rather disposed to dogmatize without sufficient grounds. For example, there is no foundation for the statement that the Sphinx was begun in the reign of Cheops. The inscription on the tablet of the Sphinx now at Boolak certainly goes to prove that the figure was already in existence at the time of Cheops. There is some carelessness in the accounts of the various pyramids; but it is generally the notes, and not the text, which are at fault. The pyramid of Sakkarah is not built of brick, as a note in p. 142 tells us; nor is the curiously shaped pyramid at Dashoor—the "bent pyramid," as Herr Ebers, or his translator, calls it—the same as the Mastabat-el-Faraoun (p. 121). Perhaps the note which conveys this remarkable piece of information has been misplaced, or Dr. Birch may have mistaken Herr Ebers's meaning. This pyramid is elsewhere (p. 241) called the "broken pyramid," which gives colour to the mistake in the notes; but, not having seen the original German, we cannot say whether Herr Ebers or his translator is responsible for this particularly unhappy description. The construction of an Egyptian tomb is fully explained, and drawings of wall paintings and sculptures from the Mastabas of Ti and Ptah-hotep are given among the illustrations. There is a good account, too, of the Apis mausoleum at Sakkarah.

We have already made frequent mention of the illustrations

which occupy so large a part of the book. To many people they will form its most interesting feature. Excellent as many of them are, we must confess that some of the more ambitious engravings seem to us to be rather out of place. Fanciful compositions by modern artists can give little idea of what ancient Egyptian life really was, and, when printed from well-worn plates, they cease to be satisfactory as works of art. Again, such figures as "the jewel of the harem" (p. 53) have very little to commend them, and many of the heads intended to represent the various types found in Egypt are idealized and corrected till they have no individuality left. On the other hand, the smaller and less pretentious sketches are generally excellent. We have already referred to the numerous drawings of Arab designs; after these we like best the sketches of Nile scenery, and of Cairene streets, and the little architectural "bits" which are scattered so liberally through the book. The second volume will, we suppose, contain the modern history of Cairo, and an account of Upper Egypt. If it is as good as the present volume it will be a valuable addition to the scanty list of really good popular works on the subject.

LIBRARIES AND LIBRARIANS.*

THE Associated Librarians met last year in Edinburgh, where they shared some of the festivities of the Social Science Congress. These distractions did not prevent them from reading and hearing many papers, some of which will interest all whom the natural historian calls "right Penguins," while others are but arid, sad, and repulsive, being concerned with the details of catalogues and indexes, and with the 25, which Kelso annually expends on literature. Statistics are usually dull enough, but we may expect some entertainment from the statistics collected by the librarians. The process of collection is inquisitorial, and Mr. Mullins told his companions that it is offensive to the clergy. Nor does this surprise us when we learn that "we ask the borrower to oblige with his name, age, and profession. Now no one will think of pressing a lady for her age, but why is it that the clergyman is so angry at being asked his age, &c. Why is he generally so superior to rule or law?" Why, we ask in turn, are such ridiculous rules or laws in force? What possible business has the librarian with the age or profession, and all that may be covered by " &c.," of people who have a right to borrow the books in his keeping? The clergy appear to be taking the lead in freedom's battle, bequeathed from badgered sire to son—a battle which, we assure Mr. Mullins, is likely in the long run not to be gained by the inquisitorial librarian. Statistics, on the whole, do not seem to be of much certainty or value. We cannot even tell which of two libraries has most books, when one collection possesses its novels in the three-volume form, while the other has the cheaper editions in one volume. Again, one librarian may enter the *Pilgrim's Progress* under theology, while another rates it as fiction, and so forth.

As the librarians met in Edinburgh, Scotch books and Scotch collections and collectors engaged most of their attention. The Scotch are not a very bookish people, apparently, and perhaps they give most of the time they spare for literature to the *Scotsman*. In sixty-two English and Welsh towns there were in 1877 seventy-three lending and thirty-six reference libraries, with 1,008,294 volumes. In Scotland at the same date there but five lending and five reference libraries, with 54,423 volumes. Perhaps the Scotch are book-buyers (a class greatly to be respected and encouraged), and therefore they may have less need of libraries. At all events, three towns, in addition to the first five, have adopted the Free Library Act. Glasgow refuses to do so, which will surprise no one who is acquainted with the sturdy materialism of that lovely and fragrant city in the West. Dunfermline is one of the three converts. Was it not to Dunfermline that an enriched townsman offered a library, and did not the Provost and Town Council cautiously ask, "What was to be at the expense o' keeping up the leebry?" Apparently Dunfermline has made up her mind to let her sixpence "go bang" in this best of causes.

The most interesting paper to the bibliophile among these Transactions is Mr. Clark's essay on early Scotch printers. Mr. Clark is Librarian of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, a noble collection, and he succeeds, as will be shown, to famous predecessors and great bookmen of ancient days. The first printing press in Scotland was established in the Cowgate in 1507 by Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar. The year 1507 is late in the annals of the art, for printing, like the spring, "came slowly up this way." Thirty years had gone by since Caxton set up his press in Westminster. Those were rough times in Scotland, and literature was not in favour. It was James IV., an accomplished and curious prince, who granted a patent to Chepman and Myllar. The patent states that "they had taken upon them to bring hame ane print, and expert men to use the same," and it was their purpose to publish "books of law, Acts of Parliament, Chronicles, Mass-books . . . and all other books that shall be necessary." Mass-books very soon ceased to be thought strictly necessary. Though Chepman lived, and presumably published, till 1530, only two books of his press are known. It is Mr. Hill Burton, we think, in his *Book Hunter*, who praises the Scotch as a people of book-lovers. And the proof given is that old Scotch books, books more than a hundred years later than the date of Chepman and

Myllar, are scarcely to be procured. The Scotch have thumbed them quite away by diligent reading, and genuine old copies of *The Crook in the Lot* or Boston's *Fourfold State* are very rare. The two remaining works of Chepman and Myllar are the *Breviarium Aberdonense*, and a volume of ballads reprinted by the late Mr. David Laing. Of the patron of Chepman, James IV., we learn that he had had his books bound in reindeer skin, a singular material. James, curiously enough, employed his publisher Chepman, and Stobo, a poet, in political negotiations.

The poet and the publisher
Were walking hand in hand

in this delicate public business. What an extraordinary conjunction was this, and where are the poems of Stobo now? "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" As to Myllar, though he apparently did not print in Edinburgh as early as 1503, he certainly was a bookseller at that date, and the King paid fifty shilling for "iij prentit bukis tane fra Andro Myllaris wyf." In 1869 M. Claudin, of the Rue Guénégaud, had a book bearing Andro Myllar's name, and Dr. (or, as he very much preferred to be called, Mr.) Laing spotted it in Claudin's catalogue. The date was 1506. The British Museum, by Mr. Laing's advice, bought the work for 50*l*. There is no place mentioned on the device, but by a comparison of types M. Claudin ascertained that it had been printed in Rouen as early as 1506. Encouraged by his success, M. Claudin pursued the name of Myllar through old title-pages, and at last found a black-letter quarto printed by the Scot in 1505. "Finis impositus est felicitur quam Andreas Myllar Scotus mira ac imprimi . . . sollicitus fuit Anno christiane redemptionis millesimi quingentesimo quinto." Mr. Clark plausibly infers that Myllar brought the press and the skill probably from Rouen, while Chepman was the capitalist. The first known Protestant book by a Scot is "The Richt waye to the Kindome of Hevin"—all other ways in that direction, except the new Scotch route, being spurious imitations, if not by-paths in an opposite direction. This dogmatic volume was printed at Malmö, in Sweden, on October 16, 1533. A very early Scotch printer, who probably arrived in Edinburgh in 1538, was John Scott. He printed the "Catechisme" at St. Andrews in 1552; the *Complaynt of Scotland* had been published at the old University town in 1549. Does Mr. Clark know whether this John Scott was in any way connected with Walter Scott, a printer established in Venice at about the same date? The Venetian Gualtero Scotto must even more certainly have been "a kindly Scot" than we may infer the Signorina Briani to be really a singer from "an island celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs." The only book published by the Venetian Scott with which we chance to be acquainted is a pretty copy of the poems of Sannazarius. We regret to learn that John Scott was not scrupulous about printing books without license. An Act of Parliament was directed against him in 1551-52, and he paid no attention to it. He was summoned before the Privy Council for "his demerits and fautes," but made up his mind not to appear. When the Kirk had everything its own way, it fell upon Thomas Bazandyne, another early printer, "for that he had imprinted a buik, entitled 'The fall of the Romane Kirk,' naming our King and Sovereigne supreme head of the primitive Kirk. The hail Assembly ordainit the said Thomas to call in again all the foresaid buikis that he had sauld, and to keep them unsauld, until he had altered the aforesaid Title." Thomas had also printed "a lewd song" at the end of a psalm book. Let us hope that this was the trick of a lewd compositor; such accidents will happen in the best regulated establishments. By way of showing how old Scotch books have disappeared, Mr. Clark asks where are the 788 copies of "Lyndsay's Poems," 1597; the 1,000 copies of "Rollok's Sermons," 1599; and, among others, the 743 copies of "Henryson's Fables of Æsop"?

Another most interesting paper is Mr. William Black's notice of some eminent Edinburgh librarians. First we have Thomas Ruddiman, author of Ruddiman's *Rudiments*; till quite lately a name of fear to Scotch schoolboys. We always believed at school that the *Rudiments* were the work of some pseudonymous craven, who hid his identity from the general indignation under the assumed and punning title of Ruddiman. It sounded like the jest of a *pion*. But Ruddiman was a real person, born at Boyndie, in Banff, in 1674. His father did not wish him to take to the higher education. But Ruddiman's sister Agnes gave him a guinea; he packed his clothes in a napkin, and set off towards Aberdeen, where he hoped to win a bursary. "Thieves sprang up and choked him," as the undergraduate said, or at least gipsies robbed him of his guinea and his clothes. Naked, as it seems, and penniless, he held on to Aberdeen, won his bursary, and afterwards became Librarian of the Advocates' Library. His salary was 8*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. yearly. David Hume succeeded Ruddiman. Davy's mother used to say "Oor Davy is a fine guid-natured creature, but awfu' weak in the mind." In David's time the Curators of the Library expelled "the three following French books—*Les Contes de la Fontaine*, *L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, and *L'Ecumeiro*" from their shelves. What would they have done to *L'Assommoir*? As librarian, Hume began his English History. Mr. Laing was another excellent Edinburgh librarian. Seventy years ago "Peter," in his "Letters to his Kinsfolk," complained of the dearth of old book-shops in Edinburgh, making an exception in favour of Laing's. One cannot now hope to find Elzevirs in the Cowgate, as in Monkbarne's day. The Fettes College boys have taken to collecting; "it's very rude of them, men said, to come and spoil the fun," if we may parody Lewis Carroll.

* *Libraries and Librarians*. Transactions of the Third Annual Meeting of the Library Association. London: Chiswick Press. 1881.

The Transactions contain little more of very general interest, except Mr. Nicholson's prose palinode about buckram bindings. Mr. Nicholson, we rejoice to say, is converted to morocco, the only substance proper to be used in the bibliopagistic art. The volume, as is proper, is beautifully printed.

SIR R. TEMPLE'S MEN AND EVENTS OF MY TIME.*

MANY years ago a want of varied experience used to be brought up as an objection to the appointment of some members of the Civil Service to very high office. It was said, for instance, of one gentleman who rose to be Secretary, member of Council, and Deputy-Governor, and who for a brief space filled the office of Governor-General before the arrival of Lord William Bentinck, that he had never been further from Calcutta than Burdwan. Another gentleman, within our own recollection and knowledge, became a member of the Councils of Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Canning without ever having left Calcutta at all, and with no more practical knowledge of the provinces and people of India than could be gathered in the streets between the Calcutta Treasury and the Calcutta Mint. Nothing of this kind can be alleged against the successful and eminent public servant who has followed up his first work on India itself with a second on the men who have helped to make India what it now is. On the contrary, in the whole catalogue of remarkable statesmen and administrators exclusively trained in India it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any one who has seen more of India than Sir R. Temple. Lord Lawrence was educated in the Delhi division, in the Jullunder Doab, and in the Punjab, and was never stationed anywhere else except for fourteen months at Etawa on the Jumna. The experiences of Lord Metcalfe were nearly all political, at Delhi, Lahore, with Scindia, and at Hyderabad. Sir B. Frere knows the Mahratta country well, gained a great reputation in Scinde, but never saw the Bengal Presidency till he joined Lord Canning in Council after the Mutiny. Sir F. Halliday understands Bengal and Behar as thoroughly as Sir R. Montgomery understands the Doab of Hindustan, Oudh, and the country between the Indus and the Sutlej. And so on with many others whom we could select as specialists. But it is hard to find a corner of our huge dependency which Sir R. Temple has not traversed by rail, road, or on horseback, or where he has not worked for some months or weeks in palace, circuit house, *kutchery*, or tent. Educated in village life at Muttra and Allahabad, he made the Revenue Settlement of the Jullunder district not long after its annexation. For years he was Secretary at Lahore under Sir John Lawrence as Chief Commissioner, and was enabled to present to the Anglo-Indian community a series of reports on the condition of the people and the administration of the province which, without becoming as popular in Macaulay's phrase, as the last new novel, were vast improvements on the annual and dreary pedantries of Sudder Boards and Sudder Courts. After the Mutiny he was selected by Mr. James Wilson, the first English financier ever sent to aid a Government in its dire perplexity about ways and means, to be his personal assistant. For the next two or three years there was hardly a Special Commission on which Mr. Temple did not serve. Everything had been more or less disordered by the Mutiny, and had to be abolished, reconstructed, or replaced by something else. Mr. Temple was put on Commissions for inquiring into the growth of indigo and the abuses connected with it, police organization, and civil and military finance. In one of these capacities he visited Arracan and Burma, sailed up the Irrawaddy to Prome and Meadey, and it was popularly believed, once took on himself to command a brig and peremptorily order its pilot, bewildered in a mist off Akyab, to let down the anchor, thus partly fulfilling Sydney Smith's well-known prophecy about Lord John Russell and the Channel fleet. Between 1862 and 1867 Mr. Temple endeavoured, with considerable success, to do for the Central Provinces what his great master had done for the Punjab; and, in addition to the opportunities afforded him for visiting the interiors of Bengal and Bombay as ruler of those Presidencies, he has served as Special Commissioner during the Madras famine, and has ridden post-haste to the Argandab River and the walls of Candahar. It would be impossible, we think, to select any one person—official, traveller, missionary, or tourist—who is familiar with the affluents of the Indus, the Ganges, the Irrawaddy, and the Brahmaputra; who has seen all the notable cities of India, Hindu, Mahomedan, and English; who has surmounted the Pir Panjal and the Bolan Passes, has conversed freely with the Sikhs of the Manjha, and has inspected the schools of native Christians in Dindigal, and Tinnevely the most southern part of Madras.

That this wide range of experience should result in an attractive volume is what we had a right to expect. Its general accuracy makes one curious mistake the more remarkable. At p. 143 the author tells us how, with Sir John Lawrence, he met Golab Sing, the ruler of Cashmere, in 1858, after the Mutiny. Either this meeting took place before that event, which is next to impossible, or else Sir Richard is a spiritualist. Golab Sing died in 1857, and the ruler who in 1858 came forth with a procession of elephants

to meet Sir John Lawrence in the flesh, was Runbir Sing, the son and successor of Golab Sing. But one of the chief merits of the book is the portraiture of those remarkable statesmen with whom Sir R. Temple was brought into close and constant connexion during the early part of his career. It will be objected to several of these chapters that they mention no one except in terms of positive praise. We fully endorse the confidence expressed in the preface that "there is nothing to cause pain to any one." The reader who is anxious to fix the responsibility for any administrative or financial failure on any individual will get little help from Sir R. Temple. Like the visitor of classic times to the Temple of Neptune, he may scan the votive tablets erected by the gratitude of fortunate survivors, and may well wonder what has become of the bad bargains who were drowned. But the answer to this is that controversy or criticism is not the objects of the work. It may be that, testing men and events by the full light of political evolution, some persons will object to the language applied to Lord Dalhousie or Lord Canning, to James Wilson or to James Thomason. But no one will challenge the correctness of the outline, if he demurs to the colouring; and it must be admitted that Sir R. Temple has used his ample materials, on the whole, without gross partiality or unfairness, and with much good feeling and good taste. Foremost in the rôle of historical Viceroy must always be the head of the old Scotch House of Ramsay. The time is now almost come when, as was said of Chatham, the rash judgments "passed on him by contemporaries may be calmly revised by history." Sir John Kaye, in the first volume of his *Sepoy War*, sketched the "Great Proconsul" in some spirited passages; and, doing justice to his vigour, ability, purity of intention, and devotion to Imperial interests, at the same time credited him with errors he had never committed and with a policy that had no share in precipitating the crash. The late Sir Charles Jackson, a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, not long afterwards vindicated the conduct and character of Lord Dalhousie in a well-reasoned, candid, and convincing book, now almost forgotten. Sir R. Temple takes up Lord Dalhousie's annexations one by one, clears away much misrepresentation, and shows incontestably that when Sepoys revolted and our own provinces were lost, the "great native rulers, the Nizam, Sindhia, Holkar, the Gaikwar of Baroda, the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, the Begum of Bhopal, the Rajput Princes, the protected Sikh chiefs, and many others of similar rank, remained faithful to the British cause." Pegu at one end of the Empire and the Punjab at the other were sources of positive strength. The Mahrattas would have intrigued "whether Sattara had been annexed or not," and though the ex-Rani of Jhansi and the Nana were actuated by personal motives and vindictiveness, the real cause of the Mutiny is pithily summed up in the sentence, that for a long time we had "maintained a native army much too large and an European force much too small." In thirty years' time much more will be cleared up by the publication of Lord Dalhousie's own papers. Meanwhile, in these pages he stands out clearly as the just and vigorous statesman; the founder of a school of able disciples and administrators; the reformer who gave India postage, railways, and telegraphs, and a number of other beneficial schemes; and who by consolidating our Empire, put an end to all vague theories about the balance of native Powers, and in reality prepared the way for the stable and equitable policy of his successor.

The portrait of that successor is drawn with much discrimination. At no time of his career did Lord Canning run the risk of being over-praised. At one period, indeed, he was attacked in India and in England with a discreditable vehemence and a perversity which should make men blush to think their fathers were his foes. He was perhaps a trifle slow in his first perception of the magnitude of the Sepoy revolt; but, when once roused to action, his measures of relief were prompt and judicious; and no praise can be too great for the calmness and magnanimity displayed by him, both in the crisis of the conflict when Delhi had not been captured and the fate of Lucknow was in suspense, and afterwards when the sword had done its work effectively, and the community were bent, not on salutary retribution, but on savage revenge. He made a mistake in 1857 in establishing a censorship over the Anglo-Indian press, and in snubbing the wayward enthusiasm of the Calcutta Volunteers, and for some time during 1858 an unchecked outlay on new and irregular levies seemed likely to swallow up all the cash balances which mutineers and gnat-birds had left. But in the last three years of his government he did a great deal to reconstruct the whole fabric of society which the rebellion had shattered; he reformed the police; he gave an impulse to the cultivation of tea; his splendid addresses at Durbars calmed and conciliated the anxieties of native chiefs, and impressed them with a lasting sense of the generosity and equity of the Government; and some of his State papers, notably that on the permission to Princes to adopt heirs, are models of forcible reasoning and of chaste and dignified style.

A considerable space is devoted to the career of James Wilson, who certainly, in eight months, did as much to restore a financial equilibrium as any one human being could effect in so short a space. There had never been an annual budget, or even an estimate, before Wilson's arrival; and his first financial speech, which took three hours and twenty minutes in delivery, made an impression which those who heard it, including the writer of this paper, will never forget. All subsequent manifestoes, speeches, and proposals have been modelled on Wilson's first and last effort. He is the father of all sound Indian finance. Not

* *Men and Events of My Time in India.* By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., late Finance Minister of India, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay. London: John Murray. 1882.

that we think all his measures beyond cavil. His scheme for a paper currency was most properly curtailed and improved by Sir Charles Wood; and Wilson's unlucky boast that his new currency was as good as the discovery of a mine of silver under the Esplanade of Calcutta alarmed Anglo-Indians who, like Richard I. in *Ivanhoe*, knew nothing of ciphers or rates of usage, but were perfectly alive to the dangers attendant on excessive issue and damaged credit. The schedules of his Income-tax perplexed and disswayed the English and native community to an extent of which Wilson could form no opinion whatever. The abolition of the Indian navy as a separate branch of the administration was much doubted at the time, though it fell to Mr. Laing to carry it out; and we have always thought there was ample room for the employment of a separate marine establishment in surveys and transports during peace, and in guarding our coasts, harbours, and navigable rivers in India during war. But still, to the foundations laid by Wilson is owing some part of any success obtained by Laing and Trevelyan, by the Strachays and by Sir R. Temple himself, in the same field of statesmanship, perhaps the most important division in the Indian Cabinet after foreign affairs. Indeed, the two surprisingly hang together.

It is natural to look for some chapters devoted to the local and Imperial administration of Lord Lawrence. In one he appears as the John Lawrence of the Punjab, who waged a friendly war with his brother Henry against the policy of temporary or perpetual alienations of the revenue in favour of priests and fanatics, fiddlers and buffoons, or stemmed the Mutiny with his band of able soldiers and civilians, and helped to recapture Delhi before the arrival of a single reinforcement from England. In the other he is the Viceroy, not always supported by his colleagues in Council, and compelled sometimes to modify his own views in deference to theirs; but always clear and definite in statement, sound and just in principle, familiar with the complex details of all subordinate agencies, more ready to take in new ideas than is popularly believed, and as unshaken in his belief of the propriety of a moderate Income-tax as he was inflexible in his abstinence from Central Asian and Afghan intrigues. Sir R. Temple, without reviving an irritating controversy, judiciously contents himself with a review of the steps which Lord Lawrence took to establish a permanent influence at Cabul, and a friendly understanding with its ruler; and it must not be forgotten that the policy advocated by Lord Lawrence as Viceroy in India, and to the day of his death in England, carried the whole of his independent Council with him. There were able soldiers, lawyers, and civil administrators at Simla and in Calcutta between 1864 and 1869; but, divided as they were occasionally about tenant-right in Oudh, financial exigencies, and the raising of public loans, they were unanimous in supporting the Governor-General in a policy which combined distrust of Russia with avoidance of entanglements beyond our own frontier. Sir R. Temple's account of the leader to whom he is so much indebted will be read with interest pending the publication of a fuller biography now in course of preparation by a very able writer.

We have no room for detailed notices of other prominent characters. There is a very felicitous comparison of Thomason with Frere, or rather a statement of the points of dissimilarity between these two men. Justice also is done to the too brief Viceroyalty of Lord Mayo; his geniality and activity, his selection of trustworthy subordinates, and the tact he displayed in directing those measures which he could thoroughly understand, such as finance and public works. In fact, to read this work is like walking through a gallery of historical portraits by Millais or Watts.

Sir R. Temple is himself no mean artist, and to the observations engendered and fostered by a love of art may be ascribed the happy descriptions of Indian scenery which diversify the accounts of measures and public men. He is equally at home with his pencil in sketching the marble rocks of the Nabudda, the snowy range as seen from Simla, or the feathery palms of Bengal; and he touches gracefully on some of the places, attractive by their historical associations or by their natural beauties, which it was his good fortune to visit. Deogurh, or Dowlatabad, is described as a "magnificent mass of scarpd trap-rock, rising black and precipitous out of a flat plain to the height of a thousand feet." Then the vegetation, rocks, clouds, and mists of the Vindhya and Satpura ranges; the sides of the hills up which the Bhore Ghaut Railway climbs, covered with forests and seamed with countless rills; the picture of Lower Bengal in the rainy season when every *nullah* is a navigable river and every depression is an inland sea; the vegetation of Sikkim, its wild cane, its tree fern, and its glowing magnolias; the desolation of Behar from the absence of rain, and the destruction caused by the storm wave which swept over Sandip, turning villages into graveyards, and gardens and rice-fields into salt marshes; the scenery of the Western Ghats, where the foreground is made up of roads cut and blasted out of the solid rock, over which pass strings of creaking and overlaid carts; and in the distance the Indian Ocean is descried in the light of the setting sun—all these tend to show that the author has a quick eye for scenery as well as for a Blue-book.

Perhaps not the least interesting is the final chapter, where the author is tempted to discuss the vexed question of the effects of British rule on India and its people. Are the masses better off? Has education elevated the native character? Are we hated, feared, or respected? Is the permanence of our administration likely to be endangered by active hostility

or secret dislike on the part of any large section of the natives? To these questions Sir R. Temple returns, on the whole, a reassuring answer. Native Rajas and Nawabs, enjoying internal independence, are with us. So are the banking, trading, and industrial classes, and the large Zamindars or Talukdars in Bengal and in Oudh. The peasant proprietors and the labourers are passively loyal, though the last class are probably not much better off under our rule than under Akbar or Shah Jehan. They are more numerous, and they are secure against any raids and invasions, nor will they be allowed to die by hundreds in case of famine. On the other hand, several of the educated classes want more than as yet we are prepared to give them; and priests and Faquirs, to say nothing of the rabble and scum of populous cities, and the hangers-on of courts and camps, think of those grand days of looting and burning enjoyed in 1857, with relish and despair. But Sir R. Temple's well-reasoned chapter is a very good antidote against a fit of the hysterics. It may be doubted whether the author can be credited with many flashes of originality which have distinguished other Anglo-Indians—Sir George Campbell, for instance—or whether he could have originated the Revenue policy of Bird and carried it out for ten consecutive years like Thomason. But as one with the power to incorporate the ideas and suggestions of subordinates with his own, to interpret with fidelity and intelligence the wise conceptions of Viceroy, to give practical shape to the inspirations of genius, Sir R. Temple has not often, if ever, been surpassed. And he has now shown—in spite of a very shallow criticism to the contrary—that he can avail himself of "literary opportunities" and throw light on past and present administration by pages at once graphic, comprehensive, and picturesque.

STATE TRIALS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

A GOOD history of modern State trials, neither too technical nor wholly gossipping and anecdotic, ought certainly to be by no means unwelcome. Many of the stories told in such cases are of very great interest as stories, and they have been more than once dealt with from that point of view, notably by the late Mr. Walter Thornbury. But such handling is necessarily defective in technical details, while the writer is under a direct temptation to adopt the "cocked hat and sword" style of narration. Mr. Lathom Browne, while avowedly consulting public taste in his stories, writes as a lawyer, and dedicates his book to the Lord Chief Justice. We feel, therefore, a comfortable security from the tricks of the picturesque historian. Unluckily, however, Mr. Lathom Browne's book has not been read very far before a certain doubt creeps into the mind as to his plan and his powers of executing it. His first volume contains the trial of Governor Wall, the Despard affair, the trial of Peltier, Emmet's Rising, the "Trojan Horse" libels, the impeachment of Lord Melville, the trials of Davison and Jones for malversation, the affair of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, Picton's trial for torturing Louisa Calderon, some press prosecutions, the Berkeley peerage case, and the "Caravat and Shanavest" trials in Ireland. An account of the recent trial of Most is rather oddly appended. Now the first thing that strikes the reader is that the term "State Trials," however technically justifiable, is used here with extraordinary looseness. In no real sense can the trial of Governor Wall be called a State trial, as, for instance, the companion trial of Picton was. In this latter there was a constitutional point of interest and importance affecting the powers and conduct of English Colonial Governors in every quarter of the globe. Wall's case was little more than an ordinary case of murder. There was nothing in debate but the fact of the mutiny and the connexion of Armstrong's death with his flogging. So, again, it seems an abuse of language to call the Berkeley peerage inquiry a State trial. In the same way the Stock Exchange frauds of which Lord Cochrane was wrongfully accused, and which are dealt with at great length in the second volume, seem to have no business there; while the trial of Hone, which Mr. Browne has omitted, undoubtedly ought to appear.

It may, however, be urged that a certain latitude must be allowed to an author in this matter of admission and exclusion. No such latitude can be contended for in the matter of treatment. Granting that a man may choose his subjects, and that his readers have no business to dictate to him in this respect; they have every business to demand that he shall tell his story forcibly, and in clear and grammatical language, that his arguments and representations shall hang together. Mr. Lathom Browne does not, we fear, quite respond to these demands. "He marched out with fifty of his men with the intention of escorting his colonel from his suburban residence, of whose murder he was ignorant," is a sentence which we cannot commend. The ferocity, as well as the inconsequence, of an Irish mob might tempt them to murder a suburban residence; but the fact is too singular to be dismissed with a mere allusion. Here is a still more marvellous tangle of words about Mrs. Clarke:—"With whom she commenced to sin is not clear, probably with an army agent of the name of Ogilvie, by whom she became initiated into the corruptions of army purchase—presumably with others in good social positions, but nominally living separate from her husband with her mother." Among other slipshod uses the form

* *Narratives of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century.* By G. Lathom Browne. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

"written somebody," instead of "written to somebody," constantly occurs. Nor are graver, though less tangible, and less easily demonstrable, faults absent. Interesting as Mr. Lathom Browne's stories are for the most part, they are not at all well told. The author seems entirely destitute of narrative power; he neither groups his facts strikingly, nor exposes them dramatically, nor makes them lead up to the termination. They stray about the pages in an aimless sort of fashion, ready no doubt to be grasped and grouped for himself by any skilful and intelligent reader, but not in any proper sense narrated. Mr. Lathom Browne's judgment also seems to be a very odd sort of judgment. He expresses plaintive surprise in his preface that Sir Richard Cross should have refused him permission to consult the original documents of Emmet's trial, and puts a very improper construction on the refusal. In discussing the Duke of York's affair, he talks of the "manly consistency" and "ability" of Colonel Wardle. Now the business was bad enough; but that Wardle's part in it was due entirely to virulent party spirit there can be hardly the slightest doubt. In this same affair Mr. Browne is dreadfully severe on the Duke's letters. He describes the following as "sensuous language":—"Adieu, therefore, my sweetest, dearest love, till the day after tomorrow, and be assured that to my last hour I shall ever remain yours, and yours alone." The Duke's affection for Mrs. Clarke was a very reprehensible affection—that is certain. But, given its existence, there does not appear to be any additional guilt in his having used language which is merely the language of affection, innocent as well as guilty, and which certainly has in this instance nothing that any person who uses words in their accustomed meanings can call "sensuous." On the other hand, it passes belief how Mr. Browne can endorse Marryat's statement that Picton was "made a sacrifice to the caprice, pique, and vindictiveness of faction." Picton, no doubt, was a very gallant officer. But, whether there was or was not legal justification for his act, it is to be hoped that it is not necessary to be capricious, vindictive, and factious in order to think that an English soldier who with his own hand authorized the infliction of torture to procure evidence from a girl of fifteen in a trumpety case of robbery, deserved all and more than the annoyance which he received.

The cases which Mr. Lathom Browne has collected are, however, of sufficient interest to make his book deserve reading, even if it had been worse executed and worse planned than it is. It is at least obvious that he has taken pains with his work; and the only exception that can be taken to its accuracy arises from the fact that the author is, on points not of law, obviously at the mercy of the opinions of the principal book on the subject. As most of the books are biographies, and as the biographer is naturally and amiably prejudiced in favour of his hero, Mr. Lathom Browne is a very lenient judge on the whole, except to unlucky persons who come in only as accessories and not as principals. As a lawyer, he seems to have a praiseworthy difficulty in getting over the flagrant partisanship of Lord Ellenborough. But that master of one-sided charges is almost the only person (except the poor Duke of York, with his sensuous letters) who figures frequently here and yet is harshly judged. Castle-reagh, who only shows now and then, is treated with severity; while the Marquess Wellesley is dismissed with something more than severity—what seems like gross injustice. It is very doubtful if there is the least ground for thinking that his efforts to prevent the Peninsular Wars from being starved were in any sense a cloak for a design to curry favour with the Prince Regent. Yet an ignorant reader of Mr. Browne might go away with such an idea. However, we must return to the facts; and a slight sketch of the story which Mr. Browne actually has to tell may not be unwelcome. He begins with the trial of Governor Wall—a story which, as we have said, is not much in place, and which has been better told before. We own, moreover, that we are by no means so certain of the clearness of the case against Wall as Mr. Browne seems to be, almost all the witnesses against him having been more or less concerned in the mutiny, if mutiny there was. However, this is not worth arguing. Despard's case, which follows, is certainly a very curious one. It has two points of interest to posterity—Canning's verses, and the quaint use proposed to be made in the plot of the great gun on the parade in front of the Horse Guards. Who would like nowadays (putting the attractions of regicide by such a weapon out of the question) to fire that piece of ordnance? We confess that we should not personally care to apply the match. As for the law of this case, Mr. Browne is, as usual, so generously indignant at the employment of Government spies that he seems rather to understate the culpability of the accused. In the same way in Emmet's case, the imbecility of the Irish Government (which indeed can hardly be exaggerated) seems to occupy him more than the scoundrelism of the outbreak. For the manner in which he speaks of Emmet himself he might plead illustrious examples. For ourselves, we have never been able to see why youth, certain sentimental accidents, and a free indulgence in the empty but grandiloquent phraseology which comes so naturally to the lips of Irishmen, should efface so heavy an account for folly, vanity, recklessness of certain bloodshed and all but certain failure, and irresolution coming very close to cowardice in the actual hour of danger, as that which stands against Emmet's record. The curious "Trojan Horse" libels, which were pretty certainly written by an Irish judge, are generally forgotten now; but illustrate Irish history and Irish character well enough. The impeachment of Lord Melville is fairly well told, though Mr. Lathom Browne has omitted the striking and characteristic story of the brutal attempt made by certain Opposition members to see

how Billy took it" when the Speaker's casting vote decided against his friend. The Commissariat trials are unimportant, and we have said enough of the Duke of York's case, and of Picton's, and of the Berkeley investigation. The Irish trials of the Camratts and Shanavests are only interesting as showing that half a century of unvaried concession and conciliation has made Irish conspirators not one whit less brutal, and their abettors not one whit less indifferent to brutality, than was the case in those days over the tyranny of which some people think it well to sigh plaintively.

The second volume opens with the trial of Bellingham for the murder of Perceval. It may be observed that the Prime Minister has the full benefit of Mr. Browne's amiable resolve to think the best of everybody who does not write sensuous letters. The Luddite riots come next, and are told with care. Then follows a very minute account of the Stock Exchange frauds. This is succeeded by a history of the Spa Fields riots, from which Mr. Browne does not draw by any means so clearly as might be expected the conclusion that the verdicts of the period were, after all, as a rule, far from biased ones. In this case the approver Castle was no doubt a thorough scoundrel. But the overt acts of the prisoners were such as most assuredly deserved condign punishment. Yet they were acquitted. The Nottingham riots of Brandreth and Turner follow, and then Peterloo. On this last unfortunate business there is now a general agreement that the Government were quite guiltless, and the subordinate actors guilty of gross mismanagement. Then we have the Gato Street affair, where again Mr. Browne's wrath with the spy Edwards seems to blind him to the unquestionable guilt of Edwards's companions. The aversion to informers is a very proper and natural aversion, and when they are employed to tempt persons to the commission of what may be called merely arbitrary crimes, or when they are employed to offer strong inducements to men to become criminal, no reprehension can be too strong for the practice. But to blow out Cabinet Ministers' brains and cut their throats are not specially engaging occupations, or extraordinarily tempting to humanity. Ordinary fortitude, it might be thought, would suffice to resist the proposal of them. The disgusting subject of "the Queen's case," creditable to no one concerned except Canning, follows at enormous length; and it says something for Mr. Browne's gallantry, if not for his logic, that he relaxes in relation to Caroline very considerably the attitude of severe morality with which he has regarded the Duke of York. The quaint farce of the Dublin "Bottle Conspiracy" not inappropriately winds up the book.

It should be added that Mr. Browne has interspersed convenient historical summaries of the connexion and background of his several pictures. Indeed, if he has not always judged wisely himself, he has seldom omitted to give his readers the necessary materials for forming an independent judgment.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.*

THE appreciation of Sir Christopher Wren which pictures him merely as an eminent architect reveals a very inadequate estimate of his claims to the respect of posterity. Success in architecture happened to have been the main process by which he achieved permanent reputation; but that success was the product of a greatness visibly superior to the form in which its operations cast themselves. His gifts were manifold, and although they have not left upon history the impress of a versatility like that which stamped the career of Leonardo da Vinci or Michael Angelo, he may only have fallen short of a similar reputation by the accident of the overpowering calls made upon him by that which we must call the almost unique catastrophe of a burnt metropolis, the reconstruction of which was forced upon him as the main occupation of a very long life.

To gauge Wren's character rightly we must appreciate the undergraduate whose abnormal precocity blossomed into a *début* of singular brilliancy, involving both at Oxford and among men of science in London a leadership in physical research such as, in our conceit, we are apt to look on as a product of the nineteenth century. It must be confessed that much of the science then professed, and many of the experiments then pursued, were trivial or even absurd. But they were the necessary steps in a long and arduous pilgrimage; while, in proportion to the narrow advantages enjoyed by the philosophers of the seventeenth century compared with those at our disposal, these early inquirers may well be allowed to have made proof of a concentration of intellect equal to that of which the visible results exist in the highest efforts of our more fortunate contemporaries. This young man, lecturer at Gresham College, which was then a living institution, co-founder of the Royal Society, next appeared at Oxford as Professor in succession of Geometry and of Astronomy. So far he was emphatically a man of research and not of action; and yet, cradled as he had been in these vocations, and never having ventured beyond the sea, nor ever, so far as we have any evidence, spent a single working day in an architect's office or a builder's yard, but, having, as by some inspiration, produced Trinity College Library

* Sir Christopher Wren, his Family and his Times; with Original Letters, and a Discourse on Architecture, hitherto unpublished. By Lucy Phillimore. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Towers and Stemples designed by Sir Christopher Wren: a Descriptive, Historical, and Critical Essay. By Andrew J. Taylor, Architect. London: Batsford.

at Cambridge and the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, Wren found himself, at less than thirty-five years of age, face to face with responsibilities which proved to be nothing less than the rebuilding of a capital city, with its cathedral, its churches, its Exchange, the halls of its guilds, and its other public buildings. This would have been a task almost more than human under the most favourable contingencies; with Wren it was aggravated by the concentrated ignorance, jealousy, and greed of powerful antagonists, open or covert; it implied not only the architect's work of designing, but also the tactician's obligation of constantly watching, and, if needful, counterplotting, the private concentration of narrow personal interests, inevitable where so much private property had been destroyed, while the one object of its owners was to repair their individual losses. All this had to be performed by a man sufficiently a favourite in high quarters to be the mark for popular envy, and yet denied those autocratic powers which the magnitude of his commission would have justified, if not demanded; and, to put the final touches on the picture, this much-tried public servant was rewarded by the stipend—miserable even as the value of money then went—of two hundred pounds a year for St. Paul's and one hundred a year for all the other churches.

It is rather remarkable that no generally accessible biography should exist of a man of such varied gifts and popular achievements. Hitherto students had their choice between the scarce and unwieldy *Parentalia* originally compiled by Wren's son Christopher, and published in 1750 by his grandson, Dr. Stephen Wren, and the *Life* which appeared in 1823 from the pen of Mr. James Elmes, an architect at that time of some reputation. Miss Phillimore was impelled to her work by a genial enthusiasm for her subject which makes her pages pleasant reading. One might have preferred a more critical examination of authorities, or more precise references to her sources of information, especially as we learn that she had access to a privately annotated copy of the *Parentalia*, out of which she prints a hitherto unpublished essay on the Origin of Architecture, by Wren, obviously unfinished and of no value, being merely a *précis* of dubious history. The public for whom the author clearly caters consists of the men of general culture who desire to grasp the picturesque idea of Christopher Wren. But there is also the student to whom definite details are important whom she ought to have considered. He may probably urge that what he lacks are not only more precise and frequent references to authorities, but in particular descriptive notices of Sir Christopher Wren's MSS. printed at All Souls' College. In the meanwhile, the author, following the lead of the *Parentalia*, paints the fortunes of Wren's father, Dean of Windsor, and an active Registrar of the Garter, and of his more famous uncle, Matthew, Bishop of Ely, who was for eighteen years kept a close prisoner in the Tower to assuage the animosity of the triumphant sectaries, although he survived to take an active part in the deliberations which resulted in the establishment of our present Prayer Book.

The comparatively recent publication of Dean Milman's classic *Annals of St. Paul's*, and of Mr. Longman's instructive *Three Cathedrals of London*, justifies Miss Phillimore in a somewhat sketchy treatment of the rebuilding of the Cathedral; but we wish she had made more distinct and specific references to these books, so as to put the facts which they record in direct relation to her own narrative. It seems that she hardly apprehends how conclusive is the evidence afforded by Wren's masterful invention of the expedients needful to demolish the old Cathedral, the gunpowder and the battering-ram; that its restoration, as we understand the word, to its old condition of Gothic magnificence, would have been perfectly possible. Such an attempt would of course have been quite contrary to the ideas of that time; but it was the will that forbade the enterprise, and not the impossibility. It is not improbable that the operation which has lately saved St. Albans Abbey from ruin may really have been more difficult than any expedient which St. Paul's would have demanded.

The author prudently avoids running into the conventional ecstasies over Wren's first rejected design for new St. Paul's, pointing out as she does the weakness of the external concave angles. We have never hesitated in feeling gratitude, in face of St. Paul's as it is, that this only exists as a model, and we should be sorry if the material evidence of the justice of our criticism could be afforded by Precentor Venables succeeding in his eccentric enterprise of persuading the good people of Liverpool to adopt it for their new Cathedral. Miss Phillimore, by the way, seems to think that the model is still at South Kensington, and not, as is the case, restored several years ago to the Cathedral. We wish that she had placed in more picturesque prominence a proceeding on Wren's part of absolutely unique audacity, which never could have been dreamed of except by a man of his well-established character for modesty and respectability. Badgered and driven from pillar to post by the successive rejections of more than one design for St. Paul's, Wren at last produced an elevation in commonplaceness, if not in absolute vulgarity, broadly distinguished from all the others which came from his pencil, as any one who looks at the engraving in Mr. Longman's book may satisfy himself. No doubt the architect knew the length of the foot of the employer. It was welcomed and approved, and Charles II. gave his sanction to the construction, with leave to the architect to alter in details. The leave was used by converting it into the totally different and far superior Cathedral which now crowns London. How far may not this bold stroke

have been at the bottom of many of Wren's subsequent unpleasantnesses with the Commissioners for the rebuilding of the Cathedral? It would have been a welcome addition to the facts collected by Miss Phillimore if she could have published the names of those Commissioners. In his uncertainty as to their personality the reader can hardly estimate the rights and wrongs of the long dispute between them and Wren with judicial impartiality. Miss Phillimore makes the usual lament over the rejection of the proposal for the rebuilding of the City on a regular plan. Has it struck her, apart from its merits, that its adoption would have nipped in the bud Wren's most characteristic claim to the admiration of posterity—the inexhaustible variety of picturesque resources in his various parish churches, in which he, the contemner of Gothic, as he believed himself to be, had borrowed so much, whether consciously or unconsciously, of Gothic principles and ways of working. Twelve parish churches, and twelve only, and not the forest of steeples of Cockerell's well-known print, Miss Phillimore's frontispiece, were to have supplied the religious work of the whole City, while the straight streets would have been the expression of traditions which stopped short in the latter half of the seventeenth century and left out of sight the long past of historic London. In fact, this systematic rebuilding would have been a far heavier strain upon Wren's artistic reputation than any to which he has been subjected. In all probability he would have passed through the ordeal with the loud applause of all of his contemporaries who were not rivals for just those qualities to which the Ruskins, the Streets, and the Viollet-le-Ducs of our generation would have had the least mercy, and in the nineteenth century Wren's dubious success would have become a commonplace whenever a jeremiad over the vanity of human wishes had to be provided.

We wish that Miss Phillimore had indicated a deeper appreciation of the architectural genius of Wren's pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoor, whose character, as she regards him, is summed up in the statement that his churches "are original, but heavy, and not always in good taste." More words, and those pitched in a different key, might have been bestowed upon the author of St. Mary Woolnoth, Christ Church, Spitalfields, and St. George's-in-the-East. It is quite allowable for the student who grasps the sky-line of the last-named composition with an unconventional eye to ask himself whether Hawksmoor may, unlike the men of his age, have had at some time a vision of Rhenish Romanesque. The shortcomings which Miss Phillimore finds in the west towers of Westminster Abbey are attributed to their being the creation of Hawksmoor rather than of Wren; but, in deprecating the sharpness of her criticism, we hold that a much better defence might be offered for them than it is the fashion to assume. The detail is of course outrageous; but the composition and proportions deserve the praise of all who can abstract their thoughts from the festoons and classic mouldings with which the towers are decked, and look at them as seen full face from Victoria Street, or at an angle from St. James's Park, or the Lambeth Embankment. The twin towers stand up a stately and pleasing mass, while in the course of revolving generations they have found themselves grouping very happily with the towers and spires of Barry's gigantic pile.

Miss Phillimore, like previous writers, takes for granted that the "Canopy" with which Wren intended to crown the altar of St. Paul's was (although she does not employ the term) what is now familiar to ecclesiologists as a Baldachin—namely, a temple-like structure borne on four pillars or piers. After having devoted some attention to the subject, and in face of that singularly rude model left by the great architect which still survives, we cannot convince ourselves that there is evidence of his having intended anything more pronounced than a bold altar-piece with a pediment and its pair of twisted side pilasters.

A letter which is printed from James II.'s too notorious Chancellor shows that he spelt his own name "Jeffreys," an orthography which is still perpetuated in the family collaterally descended from him. Miss Phillimore will, no doubt, in a later edition correct some occasional oversights. For instance, in her interesting notice of Abbey Dore she should place it near Hereford, not Monmouth. She is much at sea about the Collège des Quatre Nations which Wren saw at Paris, which she concludes to be a synonym for some building housing the University of Paris. It was, in fact, a special foundation by Mazarin, then recently constructed on the Quai Conti. The building, which still exists, is a very familiar object to all visitors to Paris as the present locale of the Institute. It must have been a passing aberration of memory which connected the yet unborn Prince Charlie with the rising of 1715. Bishop Cosin was not Dean of Durham and Bishop of Peterborough, but Prebendary of the first and Dean of the second. He was for a short time after the Restoration designated for the Deanery of Durham, but deservedly became instead Bishop of that see. Unquestionably the foremost man in the Church of England at a supreme crisis of its existence, Cosin was far more than, as Miss Phillimore describes him, merely "a great authority on the ritual and ornaments of the Church." Nor was he at this date a candidate for the Masterhip of Peterhouse, Cambridge, for, never having, as the Royalists contended, been legally deprived of that post, he simply resumed it till he was replaced.

Miss Phillimore takes pains to commemorate the London churches successively built by Wren, and never forgets to notice such of these as have succumbed to the practical vandalism which has in our own generation got a footing in the ecclesiastical régime of London. Her case is vividly illustrated by Mr. Taylor's

unpretending and useful volume on Wren's Towers and Steeples, in which every one which came from his hand, whether existing or swept away, is faithfully depicted. If things go on in London as they have done of late, Wren's epitaph will have to be changed to "Si monumentum quæris ne circumspicias."

HESPEROTHEX.*

TERRIBLE is the fate of that man who is a duke, and yet dares to travel in the United States of America. He is observed on his way there, and reporters pounce on him as he lands. Persons whom the historian of his travels finds it possible to call "gentlemen" wait about in the hall of his hotel to verify the reports of the reporters. All the keepers of shows in the country, from the head of a newspaper office upwards, requisition him to come and see, and by them he is seen and shown. His meals, "square" and other, are commented on, his sayings and doings talked about. Every free citizen of the great Republic in search of a novelty to enliven life will run to gape, and for those who cannot come—for not all things are possible to all men even in the United States of America—an active press will report and will sedulously lie. At last he will count it a happiness that only a very few drunken roughs have absolutely forced themselves into his railway carriage to stare, and will feel something like gratitude to the "Digger Indians" of California, "degraded specimens of a degraded tribe" though they be. They at least, when he and his party pass, will sit "looking at the new arrivals in the most apathetic manner, just as they might regard so many flies." What an improvement it would be if the citizen of the great Republic would only take his good manners from the Indian! After taking so much else, it was a pity to leave that unannexed.

These general reflections, not in themselves either new or valuable, are the sum total of what is to be got by reading the account of the Duke of Sutherland's trip to America which Dr. Russell has published, and, with more courage than discretion, has named *Hesperothen*. The classical title suggests comparisons which would be odious indeed. We are emboldened to rate the value of this record of Dr. Russell's journey with his attendant Duke and "ducal" party at very little by the very frank words of his own preface. He confesses that the "inspection" made of the United States by the party of which he was not the least important member could not be "very close, minute, or protracted. Shooting flying is not an art given to all people, and the contemplation of man at a hotel or in a street, as one looks around in the dining-room or out of a railway train, does not afford satisfactory foundation for solid knowledge or comfortable conviction." What degree of conviction is comfortable depends so much on the observer's facility in convincing himself that we do not care to speculate on the exact character of the convictions arrived at by Dr. Russell's party; but we entirely agree with him that the knowledge gained could hardly be sound. We should not think much of the soundness of a traveller's knowledge of Barrow-in-Furness if it had to be gained in part of the spring and summer of one year; and, when the country to be inspected is the United States from New York to San Francisco, no comment on the nature and amount of what was learnt is necessary. "But we had," adds Dr. Russell, "to do the best we could." That is very true; so have we all of us; but nothing compels us to write a book about it. It is a misfortune to be pitted when any man, Duke or other, is compelled to rush through the United States in a few months, and spend half of his time in a railway carriage; but it was so easy not to have written a book about it. As might be expected, very much the greater part of what is told us of Dr. Russell's personal observations is a repetition of what many, he himself among them, have written before. The bigness and excellence of American hotels, the length of the bill of fare, the black waiters and the magnificent hotel clerks, the river boats and the railways—all the fifty times told tale about the outside of things, in short, is here told over again. Readers on whom such things have not palled, or to whom they are new, if there are any such just beginning life and eager for information, will find them all in *Hesperothen* in as readable a form as they exist elsewhere. Of absolute novelty there is as little as might be expected in the book. Dr. Russell, who could not apparently quite escape the evil influence of American interviewers, gives a detailed account of the pictures lent to adorn the room in which "a Ladies' Reception" was given to that distinguished ornament of "your privileged classes" who travelled with him. He tells at length how Mr. A. lent a Corot, and Mr. B. a Meissonier, and Messrs. C. and D. lent De Neuilles and Detailles, and those for whom such details are of interest will find them at length in the second chapter of *Hesperothen*. Of course the party could not overlook the great show of American society—the unhappy man who is kept on view for the benefit of fussy intruders at the White House. The "ducal party," acting on the well-established principle that, being in Rome, it is well to do as the Romans do, invaded Mr. Garfield at the White House. That nothing might be wanting to show how completely they adopted the manners of the United States, "The Duke" held the President in talk while Dr. Russell sketched his portrait on his thumb-nail. The President's height and his muscles, his head and "frontal development," eyes, mouth, jaw, and beard,

are carefully docketed. The English reader, who has barely had time to get over his sympathy for the late President, will be glad to hear that he bore these inflictions until the day of his release with singular fortitude. In manner he was "exceedingly affable, courteous, and simple, without any of that ceremonious stiffness which is sometimes to be found amongst Americans in official life." Mr. Garfield's early training had obviously been of so Spartan a character that he had learnt to support even the intrusion of visitors with firmness. Dr. Russell notes that he "addressed a few remarks to each of them"—namely, "the ducal party"—"principally about travelling in the States, and the difference that might be observed in the railway conveyances in this country and our own." Dr. Russell is, we presume, responsible for the grammar. "These calls on the President," our author reflects, "must be a great, if a necessary, tax upon his time." We do not see the necessity.

A criticism which Dr. Russell makes on the conversation of the late President suggests an observation on his own style. Mr. Garfield was, it seems, very fond of making a quotation—he "popped" them in more than once. Now that is one point in which he bore a striking resemblance to Dr. Russell. It is a long time since we have seen so many scraps of Latin interlarded into any writing, except a sporting report or an article by Lord Sherbrooke, as there are in this book. Along with the Latin we are favoured occasionally with shreds of French, among which we recognize our old friend, the common blunder of confounding a *coup de soleil* with an *insolation*. A Digger Indian also favoured Dr. Russell with a quotation which he does not seem to have recognized. The man was working nearly naked in the cold, and "we asked him whether he did not feel the effect of frost and snow. He knew a little English, and made the most of it. 'When your body is covered you do not feel the cold,' he said. 'But your face is always uncovered, and yet you do not feel the cold there. An Indian's body is all face.'" It is a remarkable proof of the spread of education in America that this "degraded specimen" should be able to share with the Christian child the joys of tackling the *Analecta Græca Minora*. A conversation which Dr. Russell had in a railway carriage in Virginia with Fitzhugh Lee is a pleasant exception to the inanity of most of the talk reported. The ex-cavalry general of the army of Northern Virginia, and worthy successor of the brilliant "Jeb" Stewart, is now, we are glad to learn, a prosperous farmer in his State. It is pleasant, too, to learn from so good an authority that Virginia has not been ruined by the war. Labour is to be had when needed, and the Confederate general is glad to be well rid of slavery. Like the wiser men of the South, he accepts the situation, and would not bring about a disruption of the Union if he could. The veterans of both sides fight their battles o'er again in talk, and celebrate anniversaries, but the bitter feeling of the war-time seems to be dying out. That is perhaps what Dr. Russell means to say in the following sentence, of which the consistency is fully equalled by the grammar:—"But that time (the war-time to wit) is as dead and gone as the period of the wars of the Roses; albeit the evil that men do lives after them, and the Southern fire blazes no longer—it burns all the same."

The most interesting part of *Hesperothen* might have been written without the author's ever going to America. It is the short part of the ninth chapter which deals with the question of farming in the West. Dr. Russell very judiciously supplemented the knowledge he gained of the State of Kansas by looking at it from the railway-carriage window by the study of reports and statistics, and arrived at opinions which have every appearance of being sensible and well founded. They may be commended to the attention of two classes of persons—to such as believe that gold is to be picked up on the prairie, and to the admirers of the system of small properties. Farming in an unsettled country is an unprofitable business, except for the man who brings to it, not only capital, but a capacity for working very hard through years of discomfort and small gains. And the settler must get a lot immediately adjoining the railway, or the work will be far harder and the gains more problematical. As fast as the lines are made the land on either side is bought up, and the newcomer has to go still further west. Settlers do come, and when they belong to the flower of the human race—are sober, laborious, and skilful—they may hope for fair prosperity after a time. This does not sound like an El Dorado. A man with all these fine qualities and 1,000*l.* capital besides "must" succeed in Kansas; but then it must be a strange country in which he would not. The advance of Kansas and other Western States in prosperity is undoubted; but Dr. Russell gives—no doubt, on good authority—some details as to who profits most by the prosperity, which intending settlers would do well to weigh. The difficulties of the early struggle are so great that few of the newcomers can get through them unaided, and as a matter of course aid comes in the shape of the money-lender. Small properties on a virgin soil are not exempt from the evils which weigh on the peasants of the Rhineland. The "gombeenman," under another name, is as active in Kansas as in Ireland, and there is "one sure harvest to be reaped—that is, the gain of the money-lender; I will not say usurer." The usurer—we are less scrupulous than Dr. Russell—seems to be everywhere the attendant of the small proprietor from Bengal to the Rocky Mountains. The forward youth who would gain a fortune and has a clear head, "stalwart arms and legs conform," with 1,000*l.* in his pocket, may apparently find better things to do with himself than go to Kansas and work for the money-lender. He may as well stay at home as go there

* *Hesperothen; Notes from the West: a Record of a Ramble in the United States and Canada in the Spring and Summer of 1881.* By W. H. Russell, LL.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

even though he may find "as many families of refinement and education among the Kansas farmers as in any part of the States." The final result of his labours will be not much more money, and incomparably less of what money can buy anywhere near him than could be got out of an English farm even in these calamitous times. We are obliged to Dr. Russell for thus much of solid information in the midst of an intolerable quantity of talk about the tiresome subject of the hotels, railways, eating, drinking, and sight-seeing. The people of the United States have been accused by a native writer, who has not improved his popularity by his frankness, of having produced "a boarding-house civilization," and having "no sense of privacy"; but they have not yet come to such a pitch of publicity as to show what is really worth knowing in their life to a party of English tourists who rush through the country in some four months. What such a body of observers can see we do not in the least care to be told.

ENGLAND ON THE DEFENSIVE.*

THIS book opens with an assertion that "the invasion of England is a subject of ever-increasing interest and importance . . . a constantly recurring factor, which apparently cannot be eliminated from the national life . . . that the fear of it haunts us as a hideous nightmare whenever the political horizon is clouded." There can be no doubt that the subject is of importance, and moreover of increasing importance; but it is too much to say that the fear of invasion perturbs our national life, much more that it haunts us as a hideous nightmare. It is indeed greatly to be desired that interest could be aroused on so vital a question, and that, if there are measures of defence to be undertaken, they should be undertaken at once. There is no kind of guarantee that at any moment the "compact of Europe," which exists only so long as the general interest points in one direction, may not be thrown to the winds; and whenever war does break out among some of the principal European Powers it will be conducted on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and certainly with proportionate bitterness. The difficulty of getting people to look upon the invasion of England as a possible event in the future is great; but it is infinitely harder to get them to believe that, under certain circumstances, it might be readily accomplished. The question has been argued over and over again at the United Service Institution; and the conclusion generally arrived at is that, having regard to our naval requirements in every part of the world, no reasonable addition to our naval forces would suffice absolutely to guarantee us the permanent command of the Channel; also that our land forces, as at present constituted, would not suffice to withstand successfully a large foreign army once established on our shores. If, however, we cannot entirely make sure that no combination against us may not succeed, we can take such measures now as will impress foreign nations with the extent of our preparations, increase our chances of meeting an invasion half way, and, lastly, minimize its results if, after all, it should be accomplished.

A considerable part of Captain Barrington's book is taken up by the description of an imaginary campaign following on the successful disembarkation of two hostile armies upon our shores. It would lead us too far if we attempted to give even a brief outline of the course of hostilities, which close with the recovery of our national existence by payment of a colossal war indemnity. Suffice it to say that, after exhibiting some rather doubtful strategy and doing much fine fighting, our forces are shut up within the defences of London, and eventually capitulate. It will be more interesting to see what the writer has to say on the subject of the tactical advantages, or the reverse, for defence resulting from the peculiar character of our country. In Chapter III., which contains "remarks on the operations, especially as affected by the enclosed character of the country," we find a long list of circumstances supposed to be in favour of the defence; whereas those telling in favour of the attack—an attack conducted with considerable numbers, highly trained troops, skilful generals, and on most scientific principles—are so few and slight as scarcely to merit recognition. It is related that throughout the operations the "numerous existing obstacles assisted us at every step, impeding the enemy's progress, preventing his deployment, lengthening and multiplying his columns, and causing him embarrassment and heavy loss." "The enclosed character of the country affected every branch of the military service, to the disadvantage of the enemy and to the advantage of the defenders." As regards the cavalry, the enemy had a numerous and highly trained cavalry . . . but they suffered much from attacks in ambuscade to which they were powerless to reply, and they appear to have frequently blocked the way of the other arms. The defenders' horse, on the other hand, had more extended functions . . . and, dismounted and acting as infantry, our cavalry did conspicuous service. This was the direct result of the prevalence of cover in the country." As regards the artillery, "no part of the enemy's forces felt more severely the effects of the enclosed character of the country than the artillery." Its action was continually crippled, "partly because that of the defence had the advantage of acting 'massed' on

selected and entrenched positions," and partly owing to the range of our rifles and the inferiority of the enemy's shrapnel shell. "The supply of reserve ammunition was a source of much embarrassment to the enemy. . . . The roads being so blocked with troops, it was most difficult to maintain communication with the different batteries and regiments requiring ammunition. . . . The defenders being on their own ground, the difficulties were by no means so serious." As regards the infantry, "the great length imposed upon columns on the march by the nature of the country was a source of considerable delay and inconvenience to the attack. . . . All developments for attack were slow. . . . The defenders' infantry felt less embarrassment from this cause, from the facilities afforded by the railways." In the matter of medical service, "this was carried on under extreme difficulties by the enemy," the railways being of inestimable value to the defenders. "The field telegraph service was one of great difficulty with the enemy owing to the number of columns advancing, and the necessity for keeping up lateral communication between them. . . . With the defence this service was comparatively light, as the telegraphs of the country were available except on the immediate scene of tactical operations." There was more wear and tear both of men and animals in the commissariat than in any other portion of the enemy's forces, for "the country did not prove as fertile a source of supply as was expected, owing to the immense drain upon it for the reserve depôts of London and other strategic places, and the difficulty of foraging in a country where every village could be successfully defended against small parties by a handful of resolute men armed with rifles"; and it seems the enemy's Southern army had to draw the whole of its forage from across the Channel. The defence had largely the advantage on this head, for the railways came to its assistance, and their lines were continually shortening, while those of the enemy were lengthening day by day.

The writer pursues these considerations somewhat further, and it will be found that almost invariably he assigns the advantage to the defence. If half of what he sets down as being disadvantageous to the attack be true, it is clear that an invading foe would be heavily handicapped from first to last. But without examining the writer's views in detail, there are some observations which will naturally suggest themselves to an impartial critic; and we would point out first of all that the numerical force allowed to the invader is altogether too small. London, transformed into a vast entrenched camp with defences on a circle of 75 miles, and provisioned for a six months' siege, is given a garrison of 200,000 men. On the other hand, the Southern enemy arrived before London seven days after his disembarkation with a force reduced to 110,000, and the Northern enemy ten days later reached the Northern defences of the capital with only 45,000. Had we a Bazaine in command, that with 200,000 men in hand, of whom many were regular troops, we allowed 110,000 quietly to fall into their places and besiege us for ten days without an effort to beat the enemy in detail? However, after awhile "the numbers swelled" till 300,000 men were gathered around London. It may here be remarked that if an invading enemy has, as in the supposed case, undisputed command of the sea, the complete and certain subjugation of this island is only a question of time. No single Power being at all likely to obtain complete command of the sea as against us, or at any rate to preserve it but for a brief moment, we can only assume the possibility that a combination—say of France and Germany—has achieved this initial necessity. Granted that this combination is successful at sea, there is practically no limit to the number of troops which could be poured into this country. Those who had the sagacity to devise means for the annihilation of the British fleet would be the first to recognize the magnitude of their subsequent task, and would do their utmost to utilize their great numerical superiority. We could never, with our system of enlistment, contrive to put in the field forces as numerous as those within call any day of the Governments of France and Germany. This consideration of the overwhelming necessity of keeping foes of this calibre out of the country altogether only serves to show of what vital importance it is to us to direct constant attention to our first line of defence, the fleet with its accessories. If the writer assigns, in his story of the campaign, victory to the enemy in spite of the manifold disadvantages under which he laboured, the victory will be assured to him far more securely on our assumption, which appears to us the more reasonable one, that the enemy puts forth his real strength. It is difficult to argue with a writer who underestimates in every way the capacity for mischief of enemies so powerful as to be credited with holding the Channel in their grasp for weeks together.

That the enclosed character of our country offers considerable advantages to the defensive side in more than one point may be taken for granted. But we should be inclined to side with, we believe, the great majority of the best living authorities, and against the writer, in holding that enclosed country largely favours the attack also, though in other ways. For instance, it limits the aimed fire of the defence, affords successive positions for approach to the attack, and gives the latter a better chance of executing turning movements undetected. The writer underestimates again the value of the rifles in use among the best Continental armies and the power of their guns, and he does not credit the enemy with sufficient intelligence to be able to make the most of his superior cavalry. Those who have seen German cavalry at work, or who have read what they were capable of achieving in 1870-71, will be

* *England on the Defensive; or the Problem of Invasion critically examined.* By Captain J. T. Barrington, late of the Royal Artillery, Deputy Commissary-General of Ordnance. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

astonished to learn that they were always blocking the way of the other arms, and were continually kept at bay by stray detachments of volunteers in villages, so that they were unable to see much of the country. Our own impression is that, when once our main field army was shut up in the London works, trained bodies of horse, supported perhaps by some infantry, mounted or otherwise, would make a clean sweep through the land, levying very unpleasant contributions wherever they went. It is very improbable, however, that the enemy would encumber himself with much cavalry. Two things were conclusively shown in the great debate, led off by Sir William Harcourt at the United Service Institution in 1872, on the subject of invasion. One was the enormous difficulty of transporting horse in large numbers, and the other the small amount of shipping which would suffice for conveying a very considerable army of infantry and artillery to our shores.

While we do not follow the writer in many of his contentions, it must be allowed that he has made out an undeniable case in favour of his main conclusion. Every one indeed is on his side when he says that our forces are not organized to meet invasion, or, for that matter, to meet any formidable contingency. Captain Kirchhammer said lately, with as much truth as force:—"In time of peace the English army knows nothing of the higher tactical units—such as brigade, division, corps. The medical, transport, and commissariat departments have not their full complement even for the reduced establishment. Compared with the great armies of Europe, the English army, considered as an 'army in the field,' is absolutely unorganized." It would seem logically to follow that our first and present want is organization. "To assume," wrote the late Major Adams, "that any voluntary" (and, we may add, "impromptu") "system of organization can prove successful when the shock comes, is simply to live in a fool's paradise."

In conclusion, it is well to remember that the difficulties of our position are certain to increase, not to diminish, as time goes on. There was a time when we had only to reckon with a single formidable maritime Power, but now there are half a dozen Powers each bent on becoming strong at sea, and already sufficiently so by land. Evidently, therefore, we have more to fear than formerly from combinations directed against ourselves. It is only reasonable that when all the world arms and organizes, we, who have most to lose by war, should arm and organize also. Till we do so such books as that we have been noticing are most useful in calling the national attention to the subject. We congratulate Captain Barrington on having produced this volume, to the compilation of which he appears to have given much time and trouble.

AMERICAN ACTORS.*

THERE is much interest of a varied kind in Mrs. Clarke's sketch of the careers of the American actors Junius Brutus Booth and his son Edwin Booth, whose fine performances are still fresh in the memory of London playgoers. Junius Brutus Booth was born, we learn, in 1796, in the parish of St. Pancras, London, and through his grandmother was connected with, or related to, John Wilkes. His father, Richard Booth, "was educated for the law; but, becoming infatuated with Republicanism, he left home, in company with his cousin, John Brevitt, to embark for America (then at war with England), determined to fight her cause." He was taken prisoner, and brought back; but his "infatuation" seems to have clung to him more or less. He was only twenty at the time of what may now be called his escapade; and some passages in a letter which he addressed, in company with Brevitt, to Wilkes from Paris, just after he had left England, are curious. Wilkes, the two youths wrote, would certainly be much surprised at receiving a letter from two persons of whom he knew nothing, although they claimed "the Honour of being of the same Family as yourself." Their conduct had been in some respects reprehensible, and, "as Englishmen, it may be urged that we are not altogether justified in taking arms against our native Country, but we hope such a vague argument will have no weight with a gentleman of your well-known abilities; for as that Country has almost parted with its Rights, which have been given up to the present Tyrannic Government, it must be thought the Duty of every true Briton to assist those who oppose oppression and lawless Tyranny." As the people of America had still "the spirit of their brave Forefathers remaining," it became all Englishmen to exert themselves in their behalf, "leaving their Country for that purpose, being no more (as we presume) than the Romans in the war between Octavius and Anthony on the one part, and those illustrious worthies, Brutus and Cassius, on the other, going from the army of the Tyrants to serve in that of the latter, and therefore equally justifiable." The letter ended with a request for a letter of recommendation to the agents for the Congress in America, and it seems to have been sent on by Wilkes to John Booth, Richard's father, who sent a curiously characteristic letter in answer to Wilkes. "These rebellious missives," Mrs. Clarke writes, "served to keep alive that fire of patriotism—an odd word in this connexion—which found expression when in later years Booth named his

sons Junius Brutus and Algernon Sydney." Junius Brutus, first intended for a midshipman in the Royal Navy, seems to have tried his hand at various arts before he took to acting. After not more than some two years' work in the provinces he made his first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden as Richard III., when the *Champion* (Feb. 16, 1817) wrote of him:—

The gentleman whom the managers have cleverly procured to be a *Richard the Third* is surely one of nature's duplicates; if he be not Mr. Kean himself, he is as ingenious a facsimile as we ever beheld. . . . If Mr. Booth has made Mr. Kean's acting a study, and has merely given us an imitation of what is in itself but an imitation, then we utterly give him up, and consider him no better than the shadow of a shade. But if nature has by way of a joke made two bodies alike, and given them similar conceptions and sounds, then Mr. Booth must not be rudely cast aside, because his better half happened to be seen first.

This is, of course, an old story, and the extent of the resemblance between the two actors, their relative merits, and the causes of the resemblance, cannot possibly be gauged nowadays. On this account it is to be the more regretted that Mrs. Clarke has not tried, or has been unable, to give us any clue as to the reasons for a likeness of style which may have been exaggerated by criticism and by common report, but which must surely have existed to a considerable extent. The following story of Booth's secession from Covent Garden, and engagement at Drury Lane through Kean's instrumentality, is also tolerably well known to all students of theatrical history; but as it is generally accepted as a fact that when Booth appeared as Iago to Kean's Othello he was practically played off the stage by Kean, it may be well to say something as to another version of the story which Mrs. Clarke's narrative supplies. According to the *Morning Post* of the day, after the first appearance of the two together, it appeared that "the resemblance so much celebrated was by no means uniform or intentional. Nature has undoubtedly cast both Mr. Kean and Mr. Booth in a mould nearly the same, but it is certain that she has infused a much greater portion of the divine fire through the composition of one than through that of the other." Yet we find, a few sentences later, that there was no part of Booth's performance "which he did not delineate with the power and spirit of a master," and that in one scene he "cannot be rivalled by any other person than Kean himself." Some years later a record of the event in an English theatrical magazine, of which the name is not given, stated that "Kean on this occasion outdid himself," and also, oddly enough, that, "though Iago is not a part for applause, Booth elicited it in every scene." Booth soon found, however, that all his best parts were appropriated by Kean, and the end of the matter was that he went back to Covent Garden, where his reappearance was the occasion of the kind of riot that in those times used to take place often enough in the patent theatres. "It is a received opinion," Mrs. Clarke says, "but an erroneous one, that these occurrences banished Mr. Booth from the London stage. On the contrary, he successfully pursued his engagement at Covent Garden, and afterwards played frequently at other city theatres." In the part of Posthumus he appears to have made a decided hit, and his performances of Richard and Iago were the subject of a critical and interesting letter from Godwin. The question of the character and motives of Iago has always been a vexed one, and those who take the view of it which we do not take—namely, that Iago was seriously jealous of the Moor's conduct with Emilia—may note with pleasure what was said of Booth in a published criticism, of which we have already quoted part. "His departure from the scene he marked in a novel and hazardous manner. He looked at Othello with a significant gaze, then pointed to his own wife, as if to express that her violation by the Moor was the cause of all his perfidy. He then struck his breast in a triumphant manner, meaning that his vindication was complete and gratifying." In *Lear* Booth seems, like his son, to have achieved a remarkable success, and it is a curious point that at one of the minor theatres a play called *Lear in Private Life*, founded on a tale by Mrs. Opie, was brought out so that his audience might gain some conception of what he could do with such a character as Lear, without the rights of the patent theatres being infringed.

Booth's first appearances in America were made under somewhat unfavourable conditions, and when he played Richard III. at Petersburg, Virginia, in 1821, both actors and spectators were, during the first two acts, puzzled to explain to themselves the great reputation which had preceded him. "It has ever remained a mystery to me," one of the actors engaged with him wrote, "why Mr. Booth always slighted the first two acts of *Richard III.*, and I can only account for it on the supposition that it was with the view of reserving his powers for the remaining three acts, in which considerable physical as well as mental efforts are required." The writer of this—Mr. Ludlow, then manager of the Petersburg Theatre—went on to say, that until the fourth act he saw nothing remarkable in Booth's performance, but "from that on, his acting was unique and wonderful. I had never seen any one produce such effects and come so near my ideas of the character—not even Mr. Cooke, who was as far below Mr. Booth in the last two acts as he was above him in the first three." This is an obviously impartial opinion delivered by a man presumably well fitted to pronounce an opinion on such a matter, and, taken together with other opinions from equally impartial sources, which are given in the course of Mrs. Clarke's book, it will go to show that Booth was an actor of far

* *American Actor Series—The Elder and the Younger Booth.* By Asia Booth Clarke. Boston: Osgood & Co. Edwin Forrest. By Lawrence Barrett. London: David Bogue.

greater powers than might be thought from Hazlitt's criticisms, which in this particular matter have perhaps carried undeserved weight. Of Booth's estimable character as a private person Mrs. Clarke has much, but not too much, to say, and what she says carries conviction on its face. Readers may be left to find out for themselves various points of interest both as to this and as to other matters which we have left untouched, but some extracts from a letter written to his father in 1833 may be given as being characteristic:—

The weather was so bad that the managers closed the house on Wednesday evening. I had to play on Thursday in lieu of it, and again to-night. . . . Let Joe sow the timothy in the meadow. Tell Junius not to go opossum hunting, or setting rabbit traps, but let the poor devils live. Cruelty is the offspring of idleness of mind and beastly ignorance, and, in children, should be repressed and not encouraged, as is too often the case, by unthinking beings who surround them. . . . The ideas of Pythagoras I have adopted; and as respects our accountability to animals thereafter nothing that man can preach can make me believe to the contrary.

Of Mr. Edwin Booth, Mrs. Clarke gives us but too short a record. On his powers as an actor there is no need to dwell now. Our opinions as to his performance of various important parts were expressed not long since in these columns. But his career, like his father's, is full of interesting points, which are well put forward by Mrs. Clarke, and the history of his first appearance as Richard III. in New York is so curious that we will not spoil it by abridgment. The part of Mrs. Clarke's book which is devoted to Mr. Edwin Booth is illustrated by a photograph from Mr. John Collier's fine portrait of the actor in the character of Richelieu, and it is only to be regretted that the author was unable to give any detailed account of Mr. Booth's performances last year in London.

Mr. Barrett's life of Edwin Forrest is in every way vastly inferior to Mrs. Clarke's work. Mrs. Clarke's style is straightforward and modest; Mr. Barrett's is blatant and repellent. He had, it must be said in mitigation, a difficult task to perform; but it must also be said that it might have been performed better. He seems to attempt, with but moderate success, to combine apology with aggressiveness. He cannot—and in this the author's honesty asserts itself—conceal certain things which are not altogether favourable to the subject of his biography, and he cannot allege fully certain other things which, as an admirer of Forrest's, he might like to allege. He falls between two stools; and because the difficulty under which he has laboured is so obvious, we refrain from making detailed comment upon the very lame apology which he attempts to make for Forrest in the matter of the Astor Place riot, first by throwing mud at Macready, then by hedging as to Macready, and finally by admitting, with a show of frankness, that Forrest's behaviour was unpardonable—an admission which he is constrained to make in more instances than this one. Mr. Barrett's biography of Forrest is written in an evidently friendly spirit; and Forrest's qualities, both as an actor and as a man, are seen perhaps more plainly in this than they could have been seen in any professedly or presumably hostile account of him.

RAILWAYS AND LOCOMOTIVES.*

THIS book is, as the preface to it states, nothing more than a reprint of lectures delivered by Mr. Barry and Sir F. Bramwell to the students of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham in 1877. It was thought that the matter contained in these lectures might prove useful to the general public. How far this is likely to be the case we shall presently consider. The authors seem to have been fully alive to the difficulty of dealing with their subjects in a satisfactory manner within the time allotted to them at Chatham, and, considering that Mr. Barry only gave six lectures "On Railways" and Sir F. Bramwell but three "On Locomotives," there is no doubt that their task has been about as thoroughly accomplished as it well could be within such limits. But we are not a little surprised to find that no change or addition has been made in preparing these lectures for miscellaneous reading. Consequently many subjects which might interest the average reader, but which may safely be set aside as matters of common knowledge when addressing a class of special students, are passed over without a word; and questions which present a purely technical interest are dwelt on at considerable length. Mr. Barry, however, cannot be accused of not taking up his subject at the beginning, as a portion of his first lecture is devoted to the consideration of those circumstances in which it is or is not desirable to construct railways. He then rapidly passes in review the comparative merits of canals, roads, and railways, proving that where it is possible to construct a railway, it is sure to turn out a more economical mode of transit, in the long run, than either of its rivals. What follows concerning the planning of railways, what considerations should guide the engineer in choosing one line rather than another, is all eminently sensible, but seems to us to enter too much into detail for chance readers who can obtain such information as they need in more compact form elsewhere; and, on the other hand, to be too incomplete for students of engineering. Mr. Barry seems

to have arrived at the conclusion that the standard gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. is the best of all possible gauges by a rigid adherence to the doctrine of Pangloss; but he is no doubt correct in saying that there is little or nothing to gain by the adoption of a narrower gauge. Anything is preferable to incurring the intolerable inconvenience of a break of gauge; but we believe that we are accurate in stating that the working expenses of broad-gauge lines are almost invariably less than those of the narrow gauge. The important questions of ballast, sleepers, chairs, and rails are fully entered into, and a brief account is given of the construction of iron and steel rails.

It is characteristic of the rough, haphazard way in which such work as the constructing of railways is sometimes unavoidably set about, that Mr. Barry, in warning his hearers of the necessity of keeping the level of the line above flood level, suggests that the best authority to consult is the oldest inhabitant of the district in which floods occur. We are happy to say that he adds, "A word of caution is necessary, however, to make sure that the information of the oldest inhabitant extends far enough backward." When this is not the case the result might certainly be disastrous. We are rather surprised to find, from what Mr. Barry says concerning the strains which rails should be constructed to resist, that he seems to consider that engines with single driving-wheels, some of which have the excessive weight of eight tons on each wheel, are preferable as regards their action on the permanent way to those in which the weight is distributed over two pairs of coupled wheels. This is in direct opposition to recent practice in France and on the Continent generally, and on some of our own great lines. It would, indeed, be most desirable, from every point of view, could the tractive force of the engine be communicated to all the wheels of the train it draws; but, although some experiments have been made in this direction, we cannot hope to see such a result attained in the immediate future. There is, however, another grave mechanical defect connected with the working of railways which we may reasonably hope to see abolished—we refer to the use of wheels fixed to the axle. When it is remembered that the axles of such wheels in the same vehicle are in nearly all cases parallel, it becomes possible to realize how great the wear and tear must be even on the most moderate curves. This latter inconvenience is partially obviated by the use of the "bogie truck," which, we may remind our readers, is a truck usually mounted on two pairs of wheels and carrying a pivot at its centre. Carriages of great length mounted on these trucks can be made to travel with great smoothness round extraordinarily sharp curves. It is to be regretted that this system has not been more largely adopted in this country; in America it has given very excellent results. It is not, however, as many suppose it to be, an American invention. Mr. Barry points out that it was invented at Newcastle, and that the word "bogie" is Newcastle slang for the turning part of an ordinary road carriage. We are glad to find a suggestion made in the volume before us for superseding the present arrangement of buffers for passenger trains, to the effect that the first and last vehicles of the trains should be practically huge cushions, and that the intermediate carriages should be tightly coupled. This idea, it may be remembered, was very warmly taken up in Paris after the terrible disaster at Charenton. The various methods of working the points are fully gone into and clearly described, especially the interlocking system, which probably ensures safety as much as any mechanical contrivance can. Indeed, to quote from Mr. Barry, "If a man were to go blindfold into a signal-box with an interlocking apparatus, he might, so far as accordance between points and signals is concerned, be allowed with safety to pull over any lever at random." The various codes of signals in use are also as fully described as is necessary for the purpose of the book, and the block system is especially selected for illustration. Mr. Barry makes short work of the monstrous theory that a perfect system of signalling opens the door to new dangers by making engine-drivers careless. Engine-drivers are too well aware of the fact that their lives may depend upon the timely discovery of some chance obstacle or defect in the line, to relax their vigilance on account of any improvement in the system of signalling. He also points out the folly of opposing speaking instruments in signal-boxes on the ground that the signalmen might neglect their business to "chaff" each other from box to box and so cause collisions. This can be guarded against by a very simple contrivance which would keep a record of all the occasions on which the instrument was used. It is a pity that the admirable Morse system of automatic signalling, which was exhibited at the Paris Electrical Exhibition, could find no place in this volume. By this contrivance, which is by far the simplest and least liable to derangement we have yet seen, the line is divided into a certain number of districts, as in the present block system. The train, in passing the semaphores which control the first district, raises the danger signal, which changes to "all right"; when the train passes the signal of the second district, placing it at "danger." In case the driver of a train should fail to see the signal against him, there is provision made for sounding the whistle on the locomotive as it passes the signal. This system has given most satisfactory results on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and the French Government is urging the other great Companies to adopt it.

Turning to Sir F. Bramwell's portion of the work before us, we find that he almost completely neglects the history of the locomotive, in order to devote the time at his disposal to the

* *Railways and Locomotives*. Lectures delivered at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham in 1877. By John Wolfe Barry, M.Inst.C.E.; and Frederick I. Bramwell, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E. London: Longmans, 1882.

consideration of the practical working of modern engines. It is somewhat surprising to find a considerable space devoted to what seems to us a rather cumbrous explanation of the well-known principles involved in the use of Giffard's injector, and in more than one place it seems to us that, in his desire to make himself clear, Sir F. Bramwell has loaded his discourse with illustration which is not always of the happiest. In commenting on the numerous advantages derived from the use of the injector, Sir F. Bramwell glances at the state of things that prevailed before its introduction. In the quite early days of railroads, when the traffic was very light, the engines used to supply themselves with water, by running up and down the line to work their pumps after the day's work was done. But as the traffic increased this became impossible. Then, to quote from our author, "recourse was had to the complicated arrangement of cutting the rails of a 'siding' and of introducing into the space the peripheries of loose wheels, so that the engine might be driven over them, and then, its driving wheels being caused to bear exactly on the tops of the loose wheels in the line of railway, the engine, on being put to work, no longer propelled itself along the line, but simply turned the supporting wheels, and thus enabled the pumping to take place without the engine running backwards and forwards." It is characteristic of the ways of practical men that, long after "donkey" engines had been universally adopted for feeding the boilers of marine engines, this mode of supplying locomotives with water still prevailed. It is well known that, of all the parts that compose a steam engine, the most liable to come to grief is the crank axle, and Sir F. Bramwell describes to us a very ingenious method for detecting incipient flaws in it. These flaws invariably commence by minute cracks, which are in some cases invisible, even when a powerful magnifying glass is employed. Sir F. Bramwell, knowing from experience that, when the final fracture takes place, traces of the oil are to be found which has worked its way in through the incipient cracks, causes the suspected axles which are submitted to his inspection to be beaten till vibration is set up. The cracks then reveal themselves by fine black lines, made by the oil oozing out of them. The arrangement of slide valves and links, the most important point in locomotives, is fully entered into, and the advantages of using steam expansively are clearly stated. The Walschaert's valve gear is carefully commented upon, and declared to be no better than the link motions now in use in England. We have seen something of the working of these valve gears recently, and we are entirely of Sir F. Bramwell's opinion that they have no advantage over the systems generally in use. We are much pleased to find Le Chatelier's "contre-vapeur" system favourably noticed. This is a system which is now used everywhere in France, but is unaccountably neglected in England, by which the engine brings the train to a standstill without the application of the brake. In Sir F. Bramwell's words, "The system is simply the reversal of the engine while the regulator is left wide open. The result is to cause the pistons to pump back into the boiler the steam which has entered the cylinders from the boiler after a large portion of the stroke has been made." There is very little difference in the time required to bring a train to a standstill by this means from that taken by the application of a continuous brake, and no injury is inflicted upon the working parts of the engine, as has generally been supposed in this country. Very useful diagrams of the working of locomotives under steam are given, and, although we doubt whether *Railways and Locomotives* will prove acceptable to chance readers who have but a slender knowledge of the subjects dealt with, we believe that it will be a useful book of reference to all who take an interest in the working of railways.

THE SENIOR PARTNER.*

THE characters in this story are for the most part so unnatural and unpleasing, the incidents are often so extravagant—the faults, in a word, are so glaring and so numerous—that it were an easy matter to overwhelm it with censure. And yet we have read it with considerable interest, and we rank it much above the ordinary run of the productions of Mrs. Riddell's sister novelists. Certainly in it she has far surpassed her own average work. Its merits raise it so much above her last story, *The Mystery in Palace Gardens*, that, were it not the case that some of the worst faults are common to both books, it would not be easy to believe that the two novels are written by the same author. In both, as indeed, if we remember rightly, in most of her stories, the scene is chiefly laid in the city of London, while the dishonesty of traders in each case forms the argument. Lovers are of course thrown in; but their happiness and sufferings have their source not so much in themselves as in the speculators who live within a few hundred yards of the Royal Exchange. It is not in Arcadia, but in the City, that she makes her youths and her maidens wander. Their enemies are not giants and false knights, but dabblers in stocks and founders of Companies of Limited Liability. Limited liability, in fact, fills her mind in much the same way as the Pope of Rome used to fill the minds of anxious Protestants. She dreads it as French children once dreaded "Malbrook," and as English children dreaded "Boney." She

sets it up as a kind of Fifth of November Guy Fawkes, and not only burns it in a mighty blaze, but pelts it at the same time with squibs and crackers. Like the children, too, she is just as ready a year later to burn it once more, and goes to her work with an ardour and a zeal which we could hardly expect to find, even were it her first celebration. She thus, for instance, in the novel before us, bursts out afresh against her old enemy:—

At that early period of its life, Limited Liability was considered an innocent sort of baby, calculated to give pleasure to many persons, and incapable of inflicting injury on man, woman, or child. That it should ever grow up into the hardened rascal we have seen figuring before magistrates, judges, and vice-chancellors, lying, scheming, thieving, cheating, robbing the widow and orphan, picking the pockets of governesses and clergymen, none, save a very, very few, had foresight enough to conceive—indeed, it may be doubted whether any one could have imagined Limited Liability capable of producing the wide-spread misery, wickedness, and swindling it has done.

Mrs. Riddell writes of business with a familiarity to which we can make no pretence; and she talks of bills, "paper," and discount in a way which, for all we can see, would not discredit the City editor of the *Times*. In fact, we scarcely know whether, as a general rule, her novels should be reviewed in the columns that are set apart for literature, or whether they would not more fitly receive a notice side by side with works on foreign exchanges or the currency. It has been too much her habit to say, with a slight modification of the words of the Psalmist, "all City men are liars." If they are not liars, then they must be fools or dupes. The Senior Partner who gives his name to the story before us is, if limited in his liability, most unlimited in his lying. He lives in the greatest respectability; has a town house and two country houses, whose magnificence almost exhausts our author's powers of description; swindles right and left on the vastest scale; ruins the heroine's husband, and almost breaks her heart; manages to keep all the plunder for himself, and in the last page is made a baronet because "he is a representative man." Though he is a great villain, he is only one of many. In fact, the author has brought together so many knaves and such utterly mean and selfish wretches that we doubt whether an equal collection has been seen anywhere out of her own stories.

What, then, is it that saves this novel from being utterly detestable? It is rescued from meanness and contempt by one character, and by one character alone—an old dealer in marmalade and other Scotch provisions. Old Rab, as Mr. McCullagh, this tradesman of Basinghall Street, was commonly called, is so well drawn, and, in spite of all his faults and all his littlenesses, is at bottom so lovable a character, that, even if he had not held a very prominent place, he would have gone far to save the book. Fortunately it is he, and not the Senior Partner, in whom the author interests the reader. He it is whose story makes the chief substance of the book, and whose name should have been its title. The swindlers all stalk before our eyes, and pass across the stage, without leaving more than the faintest impression on our minds. In a week's time they, their names, and their rascality will be clean forgotten. They will have gone to join the vast host of stage villains which for many a year has flowed in an endless stream before us. But with Old Rab we shall not quite so soon part company. In some nook or other of the memory he is not unlikely to linger for a while. In the first place, it is an agreeable change to have as our hero a staid old widower, who quite early in the story announces, "I have had about enough of marriage to last me my lifetime," and who in the third volume, when an offer is made to him, at once assures the lady, "I'm no for taking a wife, and if I stay in the notion I'm in at present, I never shall be." Young heroes, their love-makings, and their marriages, are all very pretty in their way; but even of them we may have a surfeit. Then there is in old Rab that mixture of sterling honesty, simplicity of character, outside harshness, inner tenderness, complete confidence in his own plan of life, and inability to understand the plans of another, which is so often found in a man of narrow education who has raised himself in the world entirely by his own efforts. He had come up from Greenock to London a poor boy, hoping to find an opening in life by the help of an uncle who had himself gone up many years earlier on the same errand. On arriving he found that his uncle was just dead. "Oh, why," he exclaimed, in genuine distress, "couldn't he have died before or after?" He slowly pushed his own way, and as years went on had a large and steady trade in marmalades, preserves, and other provisions from Scotland. He always paid ready money, and he never gave credit. He becomes known as a man "who will neither take nor give a bill; who, in fact, has never drawn nor accepted since he started in business." He presently felt himself rich enough to marry. "He wanted a housekeeper, and he desired a home; he wished to have 'his meals regular.'" He made the mistake of marrying a silly young girl under the belief that she would settle down. They quarrelled in their honeymoon, when, she one morning at breakfast was seen by him to be buttering a round of hot buttered toast on the other side. "Put down the knife!" he cried, "put down the knife! Lord's sake, are ye out of yer senses?" They never agreed after this, and after she had borne him four children she died. Great as were her failings, yet her husband could never feel quite satisfied that part of the blame was not his. "Upon my conscience," he said many years later, "I don't know to this day whether the fault was hers or mine." Her eldest son Robert had always sided with his mother as a child, and had taken a dislike to his father. He ought to be the hero of the story, for he

* *The Senior Partner*. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "The Mystery in Palace Gardens," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Lantley & Sons. 1881.

marries the heroine, and is the junior partner who is ruined by the chief villain. But for all that, it is not he, but Old Rab, as we have said, who is the real hero. The three youngest sons were all as mean men of business as the author could make them, and her powers in that line are certainly not small. They cared nothing for their father, but only for the money that he might leave them. Mrs. Riddell says, and perhaps with some reason, that a self-made man should have no sons, for they miss the hard training which their father had undergone, while they do not get from him—for he knows not how to provide them—those qualities which would supply, and more than supply, its place. A self-raised man, however great may be his failings, is almost always an interesting man, while his children very often are among the most offensive of mankind. Be that as it may, Old Rab grieved over the characters of his younger sons, and was as much puzzled by his eldest son as he had been by his wife. He could not tell, in his case also, where the blame lay that they did not get on well together:—

The one unspoken longing of Mr. McCullagh's life had been to be liked for himself—just for what lay inside his fleshly tabernacle—just for the only thing he could ever carry out of this world when that tabernacle was laid aside. He never wanted when he was young that any man should seek his company because he had "laid five pounds by"; and he did not desire, now he was verging on the sear and yellow leaf, to be cajoled and flattered because he was worth Heaven and himself only knew how many thousands.

Robert never attempted to flatter him, as did not only his other sons, but their wives also. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kenneth McCullagh, "affectionately called him 'papa.' He dreaded the sight of her. Not merely did she insist on kissing him—an attention to which, as he truly said, 'he wasna' used'—but she had ways of sitting on the arm of his chair, and stroking his straight, sandy hair, which drove him to the verge of frenzy." Robert's wife was all that a heroine need be, but unhappily Old Rab, the first time he saw her, took a dislike to her because she was too much of a lady, though a marvellous poor one, by the way. Her whole manner and her ways "separated her from the class to which he belonged, and which in his heart he believed to be the only good, virtuous, and desirable class on earth." He did not hide from his son his opinion; nevertheless, he insisted on going to the marriage. "I won't," he considerably added, "put the disgrace on ye of refusing to be present at your wedding." The young wife did what she could to overcome his dislike. She offered to make his punch, but she had scarcely begun when she was stopped by his "praying her, for 'the Lord's sake,' to refrain from putting in the sugar till she had added the water." He had, however, begun to get on a little better with his son, and had even slipped a hundred pound banknote into his hands; for, as he wisely remarked on another occasion, "There is no state of life or mind that's possible to man, where worldly gear doesn't prove a comfort." But this happier condition of things was suddenly destroyed by the discovery he made that his son had bought his share in the business of "The Senior Partner," and had bought it with borrowed money. He had thought that the young man had won his way by the ability which he had shown as manager, and had been taken into partnership without payment. He had boasted of his son's ability among his old friends, utterly unaware that most of them knew the real state of the case. His vanity was sorely wounded. He believed that his daughter-in-law had joined her husband in deceiving him, and he bade them both leave his house. "The pair of ye have made a fool and a dupe of me, and nobody makes a fool or a dupe of Robert McCullagh twice." The rest of the story is given to the reconciliation which was at last brought about. Great sufferings came upon the young people, while the old man in his lonely house fell ill of a fever which would have carried him off had not the heroine gone to him when he was deserted by all his other children, and nursed him as he lay delirious. As soon as he began to show signs of life, she was turned out of the house by her brothers-in-law. A friend of hers reproached the old man with his unkindness. "'Stop,' said Mr. McCullagh, and there was pathos and even dignity in his trembling voice and uplifted right hand. 'If I have been wrong, I am not answerable to you; if I have erred, it is not to you I must humble myself.'" He went to seek his daughter-in-law, and offered her his hand. "What, ye won't take it? and yet many's the night, when I lay swinging out into eternity, I felt your hand laid on mine, and knew there was virtue in it." She stooped down and kissed his hand. "'Hoot, girl!'" he exclaimed scandalized, "don't kiss my hand! it is a pair-fect waste of a good thing." Her kisses, it is clear, were not like Mrs. Kenneth's. The reconciliation is complete. The young people go to live in Old Rab's house, and the son helps him in his business; far happier as a ready-money trader in marmalade and jams than he had been when one of the directors in a vast concern which, magnificent as it seemed to be, was founded on nothing but that most diabolical of inventions, Limited Liability.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THERE is nothing very dignified or very agreeable to the taste of a new generation in the flourish of literary trumpets wherewith once and again the political victories of a past age are celebrated. Such celebration is characteristic of American national literature. Half the strength of Transatlantic histories is generally

spent in exulting over the triumphs of the Revolutionary war, while the later chapters of more modern works deal with the Civil War in a similar spirit, and exhibit as a rule an even worse temper. The inconsistency of the two fractions of the same history never seems to strike the writer or to offend the American reader. But if there is something not altogether creditable in the glorification of the so-called heroes of Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, still less does it accord with national dignity to boast so continuously and vehemently over the conquest of six millions by twenty-two; of a country without money, arms, ships, or reinforcements by one possessing every advantage that wealth and a free access to European recruiting grounds could give. Such exultation is, if not more legitimate, more excusable in biography than in history. If we cannot admire, we can make allowance for, the lavish praises bestowed long after the victory upon those who bore the burden and heat of the long struggle finally crowned thereby. And if any one of the self-styled heroes of Abolition really deserved the admiration claimed for him, it must be allowed that Garrison (1) earned the title better than almost any of his more celebrated assistants and successors. The story of his early enlistment in a cause which was then exceedingly unpopular, of his perils, his sufferings, his gradual progress, and his share in the final triumph, deserves to be told, though it might be told with more modesty and somewhat more of respect for enemies whose misfortunes have not been repaid like his with contemporary success and posthumous glorification. But it is pitiable that such a narrative should be composed in a tone of hostility hardly softened by the lapse of years or the completeness of victory, and without a single symptom either of willingness or capacity to recognize what was strong in the arguments and righteous in the claims of the opposite side. The abolitionists in general carefully evade the force of the Southern case, for a sufficiently obvious reason. Nearly every one of the leaders they now panegyrize had sworn obedience to a Constitution which bound them to do all that they refused to do, and to abstain from all that made the purpose of their lives and is now the boast of their biographers. The Swards, the Chases, the Sumners violated a law which they had voluntarily pledged themselves to uphold; and as the very first and fundamental argument of their opponents rests upon the Constitution—as the contest really turned upon the right of the slave States to manage their own affairs, and the obligation of their confederates to recognize their equal rights and equal dignity—any loyal recognition of the Southern case brings to light at once the radical vice of political Abolitionism. But Mr. Garrison was free from any stain on this score; and his biographer might therefore, without exposing to reproach the object of his profound admiration, have explained the real strength of the Southern cause, and the real and incurable weakness of the party from which Garrison carefully separated himself. Indeed, without doing some justice to the strength of the pro-slavery argument, it is impossible to give Garrison all the credit he deserves. He was honest enough to see that, as a citizen of a New England State, he was bound to let slavery alone, bound to bear his part even in the rendition of fugitive slaves; and he deliberately chose to forego the political weapons he could not honestly wield, and to renounce all the privileges of a citizenship whose obligations he could not conscientiously fulfil. He did this at a time when those on whose support alone he could rely almost universally adopted an opposite policy, and when his conduct cast upon them the deserved reproach of disloyalty and political treachery. Few partisans so passionate and so devoted are capable of such a sacrifice of partisanship to truth; and the full merit of Garrison's conduct is obscured when its reason, resting upon and virtually admitting the justice of the Southern constitutional claims, is kept so far out of sight. A similar suppression of truth, excusable in the heat of strife, but by no means pardonable now, taints the whole biography before us. The extreme provocation given by Garrison's publications, the lawlessness of his own course, the horrible consequences which in his own despite the dissemination of his views was calculated to bring about, the justification which these afforded for Southern hostility, and the challenge they threw out to the Unionist democracy of the North, are as far as possible concealed or denied. That Mr. Garrison was a non-resistant, that he deprecated servile insurrection, and appealed to the consciences of slave-owners rather than to the intervention of the Northern public, is no doubt true. But when Southerners are accused of ignoring this truth, and Northern opponents of deliberately falsifying it, the real character of the conflict is misrepresented. Mr. Garrison's invective was not the less bitter and insulting, his denunciations of slavery were not the less dangerous, his appeals to Northern prejudice and passion not the less unconstitutional, because they were accompanied by saving clauses deprecating violence, and bidding the slaves and their political champions await in patience the conversion of those to whom emancipation meant pecuniary and political ruin. There is something childish and petulant in the complaints of martyrdom made by such incendiaries, however conscientious, however justifiable from their own standpoint, their incendiaryism may be. That men should submit tamely to the incitement of servile insurrection, should allow the most ardent and honest of political enemies to propagate practical incentives to the massacre, and worse than massacre, of their

(1) William Lloyd Garrison and his Times. By Oliver Johnson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

families, no agitator, whatever the excellence of his private character or public aims, can expect, no law can enforce. All this is studiously ignored by the biographers of Abolitionists; and the suppression of these vital considerations renders the whole narrative a tissue of misrepresentation.

It is said, with a good deal of truth, that the experiences of the Civil War—the assertion of the right of secession on the one side, and the determination to suppress at any cost what could only by an abuse of words be termed rebellion on the other—has materially altered the tone of American public feeling towards foreign rebels. If there is still much affectation in certain quarters of sympathy with Fenianism, of half-avowed approval of Land League agrarian outrages, it is understood on both sides of the Atlantic that these expressions are merely personal bids for an Irish vote that may turn the scale in certain urban constituencies. Both Americans and Englishmen remember how bitterly Americans inveighed against the right of insurrection when exercised to their own injury, how stringently they repressed riots much more popular and much less atrocious than those for which the Land League is morally, if not technically, responsible. The time has gone by when sympathy with Irish rebels was almost a principle of American patriotism. Still there is in the Union a very large Irish populace, reinforced by thousands with whom compassion for the supposed wrongs of Ireland is a current sentiment, if no longer a genuine political doctrine. And we have no doubt that Mr. Alfred Williams's volume of Irish Poetry (2), interspersed with biographical notices of Irish national poets, will find, if not a public, a class demand large enough to repay the labour of collection, and in some cases of translation. Nor will its chance of popularity be diminished whether by the reasonable temper or the historical absurdity of a large proportion of the pieces selected. Their poetical merits are, we confess, far below our expectation—far below the standard, for example, whether of Northern or Southern national songs from 1860 to 1865. Still the few Irish pieces popularly known in England are, with all their faults, so full of spirit, so quickened by a passionate, if somewhat shallow, patriotism, that for a moment the hearer forgets their utter lack of foundation in truth or reason; and we hardly expected to find how few of the unknown productions of the national muse are really worth preserving. Among the best of Mr. Williams's selection is perhaps the "Battle of Fontenoy," possibly because it is one of the very few that celebrate a real fact, and do justice, not only to the heroism of the Irish exiles, but to the valour of their enemies. The author of this vigorous piece had the sense to perceive—what few Irish patriots ever recognize—that justice, whether to a beaten or a victorious foe, is an essential element in the glorification of the victors or the vindication of the conquered; and the lines which describe the signal defeat of the French, the repulse of King Louis's splendid household troops by the English, are scarcely less forcible than those which celebrate the final triumph of the Irish brigade, enhanced by the failure of all its allies. But of those pieces which are new to us not one approaches the poem "Who fears to speak of '98?" and poetic, and even Irish, license is surely exceeded when the Catholic, emancipated by English statesmanship, claims that

Bigot laws were overthrown
By ourselves, ourselves alone.

The love poems are somewhat better than the emanations of patriotic petulance; but, on the whole, four-fifths of the contents of the volume fall almost below that mediocrity which is proverbially intolerable in verse, and hardly tolerable even in Mr. Williams's prose.

General Doubleday's memoir of the campaign whereof Chancellorsville and Gettysburg were the two signal incidents (3) is neither much better nor much worse than the other narratives of the same series. It is distinguished by the same unfairness of spirit, the same persistent misrepresentation of the comparative force of the contending armies. It throws little or no new light on the causes of Hooker's disgraceful defeat by an army not half as numerous as his own, or on the repulse at Gettysburg of that "incomparable Southern infantry" which, under Lee's command, had never previously known defeat. In regard to the latter, the author, whether from a desire to depreciate the great Confederate commander, or from a more creditable wish to render justice to a fallen ornament of the Virginian army, endeavours to minimize the effect of Stewart's absence, and to throw the whole responsibility thereof upon General Lee. Such a statement should not have been made without the production of full and conclusive evidence. The order given by the Commander-in-Chief has often been published, and appears certainly to have been misinterpreted from General Stewart's actual course. However that may be, it hardly admits of doubt that, had his cavalry been in its place at the head and on the flanks of his army, Lee would have been made aware twenty-four hours earlier of the real position of the enemy, would have seized opportunely the positions they had not yet occupied, and have fought the decisive battle on other ground and under more favourable circumstances. We have always believed that his acceptance of the full responsibility of the defeat was as truthful as generous. Imperfect knowledge of the

enemy's strength may have contributed to the failure; but it is understood that the error of the Commander-in-Chief in the actual engagement consisted solely in an excessive, but hardly overweening, confidence in the quality of his troops. Face to face with an enemy they had always beaten, and recently beaten under conditions seemingly yet more adverse, he appears to have placed an absolute reliance on their courage and determination, and to have underrated perhaps the capacity of a Northern soldiery when under command of a man like Meade, whose character was not previously known to his adversaries. At Gettysburg, for the first and last time, that officer held supreme command, and certainly, if judged by the importance of his achievement, he deserved higher reward and more lasting confidence than he received. Great part of his army must have consisted of the very troops who, under Hooker, had been so signally and disgracefully defeated at Chancellorsville. It is untrue, though commonly affirmed, that at Gettysburg the Confederates for the first time attacked an enemy of superior numbers on his own ground. Most of their previous victories had been achieved when acting on the defensive; but both on the Chickahominy and at Chancellorsville they had been the assailants, and with inferior numbers had achieved a signal victory. In neither case, however, did they attack an enemy so strongly posted. Never before had Lee tested the difficulty of forcing a strong position firmly held by superior numbers with all the advantages of modern arms of precision. Gettysburg was therefore, in point of fact, the first occasion on which confessed superiority of soldiery, discipline, and courage was fairly tried against superiority of position and numbers under modern conditions; and it is little discredit to one of the greatest of modern generals that he should have miscalculated the result.

The story entitled *Capturing a Locomotive* (4) is, if of much less historical importance, much more interesting to the general reader. Its one default in this respect lies in the impossibility of knowing how much of it is true. It is not easy to doubt that it contains much exaggeration and invented detail. It is inconceivable that, relying on memory alone, the author should have been able to relate accurately the minute incidents, to report literally the speeches and reports, which fill out his narrative to a greater length than that of General Doubleday's account of a campaign. The alleged raid, if actually attempted, was daring in the extreme; its character was so hazardous, the unlikelihood of real and telling success so obvious, the probability that those engaged would be taken at the outset, and their liability to be hanged as spies so evident, that the whole story bears on its face the stamp of extreme improbability. It could hardly, however, be much more improbable than some feats of arms performed by Morgan and other Southern guerillas; and there were unquestionably, especially among the borderers, inflamed by bitter personal animosity, a dozen men in any Federal division capable of undertaking so terrible a risk. But, as the author misrepresents one essential element of his story, as he is blind to the obvious fact that, under the plain laws of war, he and every one of his comrades in the alleged feat were spies, undoubtedly liable to be hanged if taken, it is hardly possible to place implicit reliance on his accuracy in other respects. If the story be true, the forbearance of his captors, who would have been justified in executing every one of their prisoners on the spot, is almost as striking as the heroic courage and extraordinary success of the adventurers.

Dr. Hickok's *Empirical Psychology* (5) is fairly described by its title. It is an endeavour to deduce a dogmatic system of metaphysical science from a multitude of supposed facts of consciousness and experience; an attempt whose success will hardly be admitted by any metaphysician whose bias is not already in favour of the author's conclusions. The argument on Free Will especially is shallow to the last degree—brief, peremptory, dogmatic in tone, and failing really to meet any one of the scientific arguments of the necessitarian school, fairly enough cited by the author. Dr. Hickok seems seldom to be aware of the difficulties in his way or of the force of adverse reasoning, and still less capable of perceiving the weakness of his own. Such a general scheme of metaphysics as he endeavours to establish, dealing with a multitude of long-contested controversies, is hardly to be expounded within the space of a college handbook, nor is its scientific value enhanced by the frequent intrusion of arguments or illustrations drawn from Scripture and divinity.

We have received this month an unusual number of agricultural works of various size and value, from an elaborate and ponderous Encyclopedia of agricultural information (6) down to a modest Farmer's Annual (7). The first-mentioned work deals at more or less length with every topic of agricultural interest, and almost every technical word likely to be met with in such botanical or practical treatises as a studious American farmer is likely to read. A crop so important as cotton, and a weed so common as burdock, the practical and chemical composition of

(4) *Capturing a Locomotive*. By the Rev. William Pittenger. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1882.

(5) *Empirical Psychology*. By Laurens P. Hickok. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1882.

(6) *The American Encyclopedia of Agriculture*. Edited by Hon. Jonathan Periam. Illustrated. Chicago: Rand & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *The Farmer's Annual Handbook for 1882*. Prepared by H. Petensby and E. H. Jenkins. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Poets and Poetry of Ireland*. By Alfred M. Williams. Cambridge: Wilson & Son. 1881.

(3) *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*. By Abner Doubleday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

butter and cheese, chlorophil, light, lymph, Cotswold sheep, army worm, landscape gardening, and madder culture are discussed each at a length suitable to its importance; and the meaning of such antiquated or abstruse words as metheglin, melasma, marasmus, hypocrateriform, and trocar are explained for the benefit of the practical agriculturist who may encounter them in the course of his professional reading.

A large octavo volume is devoted by Mr. Thurber to what he calls a brief History of Coffee Production (8) and Consumption, which is really an elaborate and rather discursive account both of the culture of the berry and the manufacture of the beverage.

Mr. T. W. Moore furnishes a much more modest, but perhaps equally useful and interesting, account of the orange culture (9) which has recently become one of the chief industries of Florida, especially suited to a climate and soil in which most of the staple products of the United States can only be grown at a disadvantage.

Mr. Ayre's *Verbalist* (10) is one of the many manuals professing to instruct the half-educated in the correct use of the English language, of which the American press has sent forth so many. We cannot vouch either for the correctness or the completeness of any of these treatises. For the most part they assume a degree of ignorance on one side and of knowledge on another in the students for whom they are intended, which are hardly likely to be commonly found in combination. They are apt to correct errors of which only an utterly uneducated writer could be guilty; and, on the other hand, to draw distinctions only intelligible or useful to a man of considerable culture, and, to say the least, accustomed to the use of his pen.

Esau Hardery (11) is, as the title proclaims, a novel of American life, a story of a type at once popular with those whose daily life it professes to depict and attractive to the English public interested in learning something of the peculiarities which distinguish American society from our own.

Mr. Swinton informs the public that those who properly read his sketches of European travel (12)—brief, and made in haste as he professes—will discover the reason for their publication. The statement would appear somewhat arrogant even in a writer of established repute, so very little occasion is there for the publication of any new American descriptions or comments on the life, society, and scenery of Europe. We prefer to class ourselves at once among those whom the author accuses of having read the sketches improperly, a class for which there is the less excuse since the whole might be properly perused in the course of half an hour.

Miss Dora Wheeler's *Prize Printing Book* (13) contains a number of plain copies of coloured sketches, the copies to be coloured by the youthful purchasers of the book, and three prizes of 25, 50, and 75 dollars being offered to the most successful performer. If not very instructive, the book is likely to afford quiet occupation and amusement to numbers of children who will hardly aspire to a prize, or venture to exhibit their performances outside their own family.

Two works on Manitoba (14 and 15) belong to that class of local literary treatises of which every State in the Union and nearly every province in British America can boast more than one. Mr. Bryce's account of that most promising and even now flourishing province has somewhat higher pretensions, and, were it the only accessible account of the past and present fortunes of the great central prairie of British America, would deserve a fuller notice. The historical part is unluckily characterized by a vehemence and perhaps one-sidedness of statement which is the more unfortunate because comparatively few readers are likely to have seen the other side of the question stated.

We cannot of course recommend to our readers generally a fiction whose interest turns on the real or alleged horrors of Mormon polygamy (16). A volume of verse like the *Three Vows* (17) has always the comparative merit of absolute harmlessness. "The Road to Slumberland" (18) is very correctly entitled; but we should hardly have expected, indulged as American children are, extravagant as is the cost of their dress, their toys, and even their sweets, that a volume got up with such elaboration, with

an outside so artistic, if not brilliant, contained nothing better than a number of somewhat slumberous verses printed in a type which few British children can read, whatever may be the case of their American contemporaries.

Among periodical publications we are glad to note a new number of the *Southern Historical Papers* (19), containing a number of very interesting occasional memoirs upon different incidents of the war. *The Atlantic Monthly* (20), seldom deficient in interest, contains contributions by Whittier and Wendell Holmes, which alone are likely to secure it a large number of readers. *Harper's Monthly* (21) is, we think, as good as usual; *The Century* (22), as always, among the most attractive of magazines, especially to juvenile readers.

(19) *Southern Historical Society Papers*. Vol. IX., Nos. 10, 11, 12. Richmond: Southern Historical Society. London: Trübner & Co.

(20) *Atlantic Monthly*. Vol. XIX., No. 293. London: Trübner & Co.

(21) *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. No. 382. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(22) *Century: Illustrated Monthly Magazine*. Vol. XXIII., No. 5. New York: "Century" Company.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(8) *Coffee, from Plantation to Cup*. By Francis B. Thurber. New York: American Grocer Publishing Association. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Handbook of Orange Culture*. By T. W. Moore. New York: Pelton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(10) *The Verbalist*. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Appleton & Co. 1882.

(11) *Esau Hardery*. By William Osborn Stoddard. New York: White & Stokes. 1881.

(12) *J. Swinton's Travels*. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(13) *The Prize Printing Book*. By Miss D. Wheeler. New York: White & Stokes.

(14) *Manitoba: its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition*. By the Rev. Professor Bryce, M.A., LL.B. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(15) *A Year in Manitoba: being the Experience of a "Retired Officer" in Settling his Sons*. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1882.

(16) *The Fate of Madame la Tour*. By Mrs. A. G. Paddock. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Three Vows; and other Poems*. By William Batchelder Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(18) *My Boy and I; or, on the Road to Slumberland*. By Mary P. Brine. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.